

NEW
SERIES

JANUARY

VOL.
28

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM
YEAR TO YEAR."

All the Year Round

a
Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

PART 158.

PRICE
NINEPENCE.

1882.

LONDON
26 WELLINGTON ST.
STRAND.
W.C.

nos.
684-687

ADVERTISEMENTS are to be sent to ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet Street.

CONTENTS OF PART OLVIII.

No. DCLXXXIV.	PAGE	No. DCLXXXVI.	PAGE
Jack Doyle's Daughter. Part III. Miss Doyle.		Jack Doyle's Daughter. Part III. Miss Doyle.	
Chapter XIII. No.	409	Chapter XV. Miss Doyle's Diamonds	457
In the Phrase of Queen Anne	413	Fairy Legends of the County Donegal	461
Lad's Love. A Story in Two Parts. Part I.	418	Shepherds' Sunday	469
Church-going Animals.....	424	Prejudices	473
OPEN SESAME. Chapter IV. My Uncle. Chapter V.		OPEN SESAME. Chapter VIII. Before the Parquet.	
The Deposit	427	Chapter IX. The Amnesty	474
No. DCLXXXV.			
Jack Doyle's Daughter. Part III. Miss Doyle.		Jack Doyle's Daughter. Part III. Miss Doyle.	
Chapter XIV. Behind the Scenes.....	433	Chapter XVI. In the Mist.....	481
A Traveller's Tales: A Sapphire	437	A "Notice B" Meeting.....	485
What is left of Merrie England.....	442	A Little Link. A Poem	491
Song	446	Open Sesame. Chapter X. The Contract	492
Lad's Love. A Story in Two Parts. Part II.	446	A Traveller's Tales: A Stick	495
OPEN SESAME. Chapter VI. Bon Voyage. Chapter VII.		DAFFODIL. Chapter I. The Peach-Apple Farm.	
Open Sesame	452	Chapter II. Daffodil	500

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, which are calculated to deceive the public, LEA and PERRINS have to request that purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature, thus—

Lea & Perrins



without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.—Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; CROSSE and BLACKWELL, London, and Export Oilmen generally. Retail by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

WORMS

All Children suffer from them, if suspected, ask for the CERTAIN CURE
Tins 1/1½ at all Chemists.

**KEATING'S
WORM TABLETS.**

Free by post, 15 stamps
KEATING, Chemist,
LONDON.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

Absolutely the best known remedy ever made for

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS
Strongly recommended by the most eminent Doctors.

TINS ONLY, 1/1½ and 2/9.

Furnish your House or Apartments throughout

ON MOEDER'S HIRE SYSTEM.

The Original, Best, and most Liberal Cash Prices.
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR TIME GIVEN.

Illustrated printed Catalogues, with full particulars of terms, Post Free.

F. MOEDER,

248, 249, 250, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD; & 19, 20, 21, MORWELL ST., W.

ESTABLISHED 1852.



OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA

(ESTABLISHED 60 YEARS)

Is the best and only certain remedy ever discovered for Preserving, Strengthening, Beautifying, or Restoring the
HAIR, WHISKERS, OR MOUSTACHES,
And Preventing them Turning Grey.

PRICE 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. PER BOTTLE.

C. & A. OLDRIDGE,
22, WELLINGTON ST., STRAND, LONDON,
And all Chemists and Perfumers.

For Children it is invaluable, as it forms the basis of a magnificent head of hair, prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyes and poisonous restoratives.

ROBT. ROBERTS & CO.'S Celebrated Teas.

SAMPLES and Price Lists Free by Post.

12 lb. and upwards

Queen Insurance Buildings,

CARRIAGE PAID.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

LIVERPOOL.

NO AGENTS.—All Orders and Communications Direct.

THE ART OF CONQUEST IS LOST WITHOUT THE ART OF EATING.



"Yet when I suffer from a brain o'erwrought
Excited, feverish, worn from laboured thought;

Harassed by anxious care or sudden grief,
I run to 'ENO,' and obtain relief."

A Barrister-at-Law, whose years now number above fourscore.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART, caused by Liver Derangement and Indigestion, frequently called (or mistaken for) **HEART DISEASE**:—"On the 14th of April I purchased a bottle of your **FRUIT SALT**, not feeling very well at the time, and it had an effect that I never anticipated when I bought it. I had suffered more or less since the year 1841 from Palpitation of the Heart, but very badly during the last few years. The least thing would produce it during the day, and at night my sleep was very much disturbed. Strange to say, after the first dose of **FRUIT SALT** Palpitations suddenly ceased, and have not since returned. Out of gratitude for the benefit I have received, I have recommended it to all my friends both in London and Yarn outh; at the same time I feel it a duty to state the above facts, of which you can make whatever use you please.—I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully, **TRUTH.**"

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—*Adams.*

Directions in Sixteen Languages—How to Prevent Disease.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see the Capsule is marked "**ENO'S FRUIT SALT.**" Without it, you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. **SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.** Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

Prepared only at **ENO'S Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E.,** by **J. C. ENO'S Patent.**

DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DIE!

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS PREVENT CONVULSIONS,
ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS,

For Children Cutting their Teeth, to prevent Convulsions.
(Do not contain Calomel, Opium, Morphia, nor anything injurious to a tender Babe).

Sold in stamped boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. (great saving), with
full Directions.

Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct to ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

Read FENNINGS' EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK, which contains valuable hints on
Feeding, Teething, Weaning, Sleeping, &c. Ask your Chemist for a free copy.

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS,

THE BEST REMEDY TO CURE ALL
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, &c.

Sold in Boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d., with
directions. Sent post free for 15 stamps. Direct
ALFRED FENNINGS, West Cowes, I.W.

The largest size Boxes, 2s. 6d. (35 stamps, post free),
contain three times the quantity of the small boxes.

Read FENNINGS' EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR.
Sent post free, 15 stamps. Direct A. FENNINGS,
West Cowes, I.W.

BROKEN!!

DAVY'S DIAMOND CEMENT.



Securely & neatly mends
CHINA, GLASS,
CABINET WORK,
AND
FANCY ARTICLES.

Of all Chemists in 1s. bottles.

See the name
"E. DAVY," the original In-
ventor, is on the label, and
also that of

BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon St., London.

BEAUTIFUL TEETH, FRAGRANT
BREATH, HEALTHY GUMS... USE
JEWSBURY & BROWNS' **ORIENTAL**
TOOTH PASTE EXQUISITE
COMPOUND
A PERFECT DENTIFRICE, ESTD 50 YEARS
OF ALL PERFUMERS. 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d. SIGNED

FOUR GOLD MEDALS.
BORWICK'S
BAKING
POWDER

FOR PASTRY, PUDDINGS, TEA-CAKES
AND WHOLESOME BREAD.

BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER

Most agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed
Fruits. Sold by all Grocers and Corn Dealers in 1d. and 2d.
Packets, and 6d. and 1s. Tins.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

THIS FAMOUS FAMILY MEDICINE is unequalled in the
Care of all DISORDERS of the LIVER, STOMACH, and
BOWELS. A GREAT PURIFIER of the BLOOD. A
POWERFUL INVIGORATOR of the System, if suffering
from WEAKNESS and DEBILITY, and is unrivalled in
Complaints incidental to Females.



"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S
WORLD FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE.

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from
whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Sores of all
kinds, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous.
Thousands of testimonials from all parts. In bottles, 2s. 6d.
each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 11s. each, of all
Chemists. Sent to any address, for 30 or 132 stamps, by the
Proprietors,

THE LINCOLN & MIDLAND COUNTIES
DRUG COMPANY (Late F. J. CLARKE),
LINCOLN.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

THE excruciating pain of Gout and Rheumatism is quickly
relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated
medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT & RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are
certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. per box.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

THIS excellent Family Medicine is the most effective
remedy for Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints,
Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all
Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels; or where an aperient
is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing
the distressing Headache so very prevalent, Depression of
Spirits, Dulness of Sight, Nervous Affections, Blisters,
Pimples, and Sallowiness of the Skin, and give a healthy
bloom to the complexion.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. per box.

CHATTO & WINDUS, PUBLISHERS.

NEW NOVELS AT EVERY LIBRARY.

The Comet of a Season. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. 3 vols.
"From the first page to the last, bright, clever, and thoroughly interesting."—*Academy*.

God and the Man: a Romance. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. Second edition, 3 vols.

"A beautiful piece of literary composition, to be read with admiration and laid aside with regret. The work bears the stamp of original conception, such as belongs to true poets only; and of execution so powerful, so dramatic, so picturesque, so impressive, that only a master could have attained to it."—*Illustrated London News*.

A Heart's Problem. By CHARLES GIBSON. 2 vols.

"A story which cannot fail to delight; a novel to be read and read again."—*Scotsman*.

The Bride's Pass. By SARAH TYTLER. 2 vols.

"We gladly note the exquisite skill of the character-studies, the perfection of artistic description, and the high and noble tone of refined morality."—*Literary World*.

Joseph's Coat. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. 3 vols.

"A good and vigorous novel, showing great power, exceedingly clever, full of dramatic situations carefully and thoughtfully conceived, with the interest well sustained up to the very last page."—*Vanity Fair*.

NEW WORK BY JAMES PAYN.

Some Private Views. By JAMES PAYN, Author of "By Proxy," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Besant and Rice's New Novel, "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," was begun in the JANUARY Number of "BELGRAVIA" (price One Shilling, Monthly). This Number contained also Stories by OUIDA, WILKIE COLLINS, MRS. ALEXANDER, MRS. MACQUOID, and R. V. H. R. HAWES.

Julian Hawthorne's New Serial Story, "DUST," was begun in the "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE" for JANUARY (price One Shilling, Monthly).

Half-Hours with Foreign Novelists. With Notices of their Lives and Writings. By HELEN and ALICE ZIMMERMAN. A New Edition, 2 vols., crown 8vo, 12s.

Tunis: the Land and the People. By the CHEVALIER VON HESSE-WARTEN. With numerous fine Illustrations, demy 8vo, cloth extra, 9s.

Cavalry Life; or, Sketches and Stories in Barracks and Out. By J. S. WINTER. 2 vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, 21s.

The Prince and the Pauper: a Tale for Young People of all Ages. By MARK TWAIN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, with 190 Illustrations, 7s. 6d.
"A tale of absorbing interest."—*Standard*.

Mary Stuart: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s.

"This fine drama; a worthy close of a noble work."—*Athenæum*.

Stories from the State Papers. By ALEX. CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A. 2 vols. crown 8vo, cloth extra, 21s.

"Mr. Ewald sets forth his materials with great judgment and lucidity. No one who takes interest in English history will fail to find either solid information or romantic interest in his pages."—*Scotsman*.

Easy Star Lessons. With Star Maps for Every Night in the Year. Drawings of Constellations, &c. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"A capital book . . . Mr. Proctor has a power of demonstration which has rarely been equalled, and in this book he has put it to good purpose."—*Scotsman*.

Familiar Science Studies. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

NEW VOLUMES OF "THE MAYFAIR LIBRARY."

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

Leaves from a Naturalist's Note-Book. By ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., Author of "Leisure-Time Studies," &c.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. A New Edition, with Illustrations by J. G. Thomson.

Poetical Ingenuities. Selected and Edited by WILLIAM T. DOBSON, Author of "Literary Frivolities," &c.

Vignettes from Nature. By GRANT ALLEN, Author of "The Evolutionist at Large." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

"These sketches are equally admirable as lessons in science and impressions of country experience."—*Manchester Examiner*.

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY, W.

POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED.



TRADE MARK.

THIS GRAND OLD REMEDY FOR
COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, NIGHT COUGH, ETC.

Is Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the World at 1/1½ and 2/3.

See above Trade Mark on every Bottle, and insist on having POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED.

**The
Original**

"HEDOZONE"

IS THE MOST DELICATE & REFRESHING
NON-ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE IN THE WORLD.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS, WINE MERCHANTS, and GROCERS.

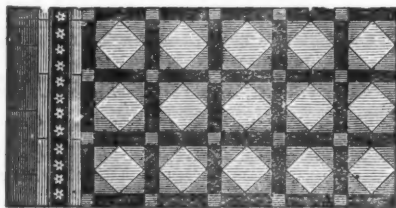
A Sample Case containing Six Dozen Half-Bottles sent free for 36s.

DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET & NUMEROUS TESTIMONIALS SENT FREE BY POST.

PACKAM & Co., Limited, CROYDON.

First-Class Medals to MAW & Co., International Exhibition of 1872; Dublin, 1855; Oporto, 1855; Paris, 1867; Philadelphia, 1876; Paris, 1878; and numerous others.

IMPERISHABLE TESSELATED and
ENCAUSTIC TILE PAVEMENTS.



combining a highly decorative and economical substitute for ordinary floors and their perishable coverings. MAW and Co.'s pattern-book, the work of the first designers of the day, forwarded, together with special designs and estimates for every kind of floor and wall tiling. Specimens may be seen also at Maw and Co.'s London Agents, W. B. SIMPSON and SONS, 100, St. Martin's Lane, Trafalgar Square, London.

MAW & CO., BENTHALL WORKS, BROSELEY.

TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.



GLASS SHADES.
GLASS FLOWER STANDS FOR TABLE DECORATIONS.

GEORGE HOUGHTON AND SON,
89, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

FORESHADOWINGS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

FORESHADOWINGS. A Poem in Four Cantos. By CHARLES ROOM.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"The theme is the fulfilment of prophecy, written in a sufficiently impressive Spenserian stanza, and exhibits much varied and discursive reading."

THE GRAPHIC, April 9, 1881.

"... The lyrics are distinctly original in construction."

SWORD AND TROWEL.

"A Christian gentleman, an ardent *Liberal* in politics, falls into a dream of the future triumphs of Christianity, in which a millennial age of peace transforms this earth into a Paradise. Anon, the dream changes, as dreams are wont to change. The thousand years expire. Satan is let loose. Armies are mustered, ironclads are constructed for hostile invasions. The rage of Satan, the end of all things, the Saviour's appearing, the general conflagration, the gathering of the saints, the convoking of the dead before the great white throne, and the final

awards of bliss or woe then pass in rapid succession on the panorama. Such an essay will doubtless please many people."

PUBLIC OPINION.

"An epic poem of no small merit. Mr. Room has written with some grace. All his verses will bear the rigorous test of scansion, and many of them are truly beautiful. Some of the comments on the tendency of modern science remind us a little of Cowper. It is a good sound volume of verse."

THE QUEEN.

"The lines are musical and well written."

JOHN BULL.

"Written with considerable poetical ability. It will well repay a careful perusal from beginning to end."

THE ROCK.

"Mr. Room has shown considerable skill in handling the poem."

London: ELLIOT STOCK, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Now ready, PART 1, price 7d., of

CANON FARRAR'S LIFE AND WORK OF ST. PAUL.

ILLUSTRATED SERIAL EDITION.

(Uniform with the Illustrated Edition of CANON FARRAR'S LIFE OF CHRIST.)

To be Completed in about 30 Parts.

** With PART 1 is issued a MAP IN COLOURS showing ST. PAUL'S FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY, and with PART 2 will be issued an Exquisite STEEL ENGRAVING Frontispiece, forming the Title-page to the Work. Other COLOURED MAPS will be given in subsequent Parts.

CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO., Ludgate Hill, London.

A NEW CYCLOPÆDIA.

Within the reach of all. In MONTHLY PARTS, price 6d.,

CASSELL'S POPULAR CYCLOPÆDIA.

PART 1 ready Feb. 27. To be Completed in 27 Parts, at 6d.

Every one feels the need of an Encyclopædia, but it is comparatively few who can afford to purchase a large and expensive work in many volumes. CASSELL'S POPULAR CYCLOPÆDIA, therefore, containing in a compact form Reliable Information in Every Department of Knowledge, arranged in Alphabetical order, so that the Information sought can be found on the instant, will most undoubtedly meet a want long felt. The Text will be ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT with Engravings specially prepared for the Work.

*** PROSPECTUSES of this Important and Valuable Work are now ready at all Booksellers', or will be sent post free by

CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO., LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

Save 50 per cent.

CAMBRIC

Collars.—Ladies' and Children's, 3s. 11d.; Gentlemen's, 4s. 11d. and 5s. 11d. per doz.
Shirts.—Best 4-fold Linen Fronts, &c., 35s. 6d. half-dozen (to measure, 2s. extra).
Cuffs.—For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, 6s. 11d. to 10s. 9d. per doz.

POCKET

Our Real White Shetland Wool Shawl, 2 yards square, post free for 1s. 10d., is a marvel.

Hemmed.
For Children, 2/6 per doz.
" Ladies, 3/3
" Gentlemen, 4/10
NOTE.—Handkerchiefs go by post for 4d. to 6d. per doz. extra; Collars, 3d. to 4d.; Cuffs, 6d.

Hemstitched.
For Ladies, 4/9 per doz.
" Gentlemen, 8/4
NOTE.—Handkerchiefs go by post for 4d. to 6d. per doz. extra; Collars, 3d. to 4d.; Cuffs, 6d.

All Pure Flax.
"The Cambrics of ROBINSON AND CLEAVER have a world-wide fame. —The Queen.

Irish Damasks and Household Linens.

Fish Napkins, 3s. 6d. per doz.
Dinner Napkins, 6s. 6d. per doz.
Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 3s. 11d. to finest quality made.
Royal Irish Linen Sheetting, 2yds. wide, from 1s. 11d. per yard.
Fine Linens and Linen Diapers, yard wide, 1s. per yard.

HANDKERCHIEFS

ROBINSON AND CLEAVER,

Manufacturers to the Queen,

BELFAST.

SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

Butler's Musical Instruments

OF
EVERY DESCRIPTION.



VIOLINS,
VIOLONCELLOS,
GUITARS,
BANJOS,
HARMONIUMS,
PIANOS,
CORNETS,
BAND INSTRUMENTS,
MUSICAL BOXES,
FLUTES,
CONCERTINAS,
ETC. ETC.



G. BUTLER,
29, Haymarket, London.

Illustrated Catalogue (Fifty Pages) Post Free

NOTICE.

NOTES & QUERIES.

The Volume, January to June, 1881,
with the Index,

Price 10s. 6d., is now ready,

Cases for Binding, price 1s. 3d., post free.

JOHN FRANCIS, 20, Wellington St., Strand, London, W.C.

Possessing all the Properties of the Finest Arrowroot,

BROWN AND POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

IS A HOUSEHOLD REQUISITE OF CONSTANT UTILITY,

For the Nursery, the Family Table, and the Sick-Room.

CADBURY'S

PURE.

SOLUBLE.

REFRESHING.

COCOA ESSENCE.

See that CADBURY'S COCOA ESSENCE is on every Packet, as Shopkeepers often substitute imitations for the sake of extra profit.

PARIS DEPÔT: 90, FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ.

The reason why so many are unable to take Cocoa is that the varieties commonly sold are mixed with Starch, under the plea of rendering them soluble, while really making them thick, heavy, and indigestible. This may be easily detected, for if Cocoa thickens in the cup it proves the addition of starch. CADBURY'S Cocoa Essence is genuine, it is therefore three times the strength of these Cocoas, and a refreshing beverage like Tea or Coffee.

BRILLIANT! ECONOMICAL! CLEAN! NO DUST!

CAUTION
Beware of Common Imitations of the "DOME BLACK LEAD" which are sometimes offered because they afford a larger profit. See that the words "JAMES" and our Trade Mark "DOME" appear on every block. No other is genuine.

DOME

**GOLD MEDAL
BLACK LEAD**

ADVANTAGES
"THE DOME" is manufactured by a special process from selected materials of the best quality. It not only polishes more quickly than any other blacklead, but also adheres at once to the stove or grate, thereby avoiding injury to the furniture from dust.

Sole Makers **E. JAMES and SONS** Plymouth.

GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH

Is an old proverb, meaning that once it was customary to hang a bush out of any house where wine was sold; but there was no need to do so if the wine was very excellent—a circumstance soon known without the usual sign. So with

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL.

Its virtues have been so well known during the last eighty years that, like good wine, it needs no introduction. It contains no lead, poisonous, or mineral ingredients, and is equally adapted for the hair of children, as for that of adults.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO

Is the best, purest, and most fragrant dentifrice ever used, and being perfectly free from any mineral, acid, or gritty substances, is deservedly popular all over the world. Ask for Rowlands' articles.



"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal
CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS

No. 684. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1882.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

JACK DOYLE'S DAUGHTER.

BY R. E. FRANCILON.

PART III. MISS DOYLE.

CHAPTER XIII. NO.

MR. NELSON—Miss Doyle!

Should I be to blame for throwing down a pen which refuses to put a seeming eternity of hopeless, speechless, chaotic amazement into a single word? It was absolutely impossible, even as an incident in a dream, that Miss Doyle, a guest at Cautleigh Hall, should be poor Phœbe Burden, who had been a sort of maid-of-all-work to a lawyer's clerk, and had run away with a fiddler. Nothing could be so impossible. And yet could there be two Phœbes in Phil Nelson's eyes? That would be to the impossible what the impossible itself is to common things.

Yet that Phœbe Burden should under any conceivable conditions, and in a period of time to be measured by months only, have developed into this fine Miss Doyle—Could it be wondered that even a lover should mistrust his own sight? That a healthy man should doubt if he were not a fever-patient in the heart of Russian steppes once more? "Phœbe!" had sprung to his lips, when his eyes met hers. She was flushed, and her eyes were bright; but they were also as silent as her tongue. The name died upon his lips, and he gave her his arm.

There was a chance for him to say in a low voice, on the way downstairs: "Phœbe, I have found you; I know you; whatever this means, fear nothing; I am your friend." But suppose his brain were really fevered by these last anxious days,

and that he were exaggerating a mere accidental resemblance into an incredible identity? He had learnt what delirium means, and what it could do; nor had his latest experiences been of a kind to keep it away. Surely the real Phœbe could not have treated her foster-brother as a stranger—would somehow have contrived to answer him, if only with her eyes. And if he were mad, if this Miss Doyle were in truth not Phœbe, he had at least the common presence of mind, of which not even madmen are devoid, not to pose as a madman before her and before them all. He did not look into her face, but he felt the light touch of her hand upon his arm. Could Phœbe's hand have lain there so quiet and so calm?

He certainly did not think or care, if some strange Miss Doyle might be thinking the roughly-dressed guest to whom it had been her misfortune to fall an exceeding stupid cavalier. If this girl were Phœbe, she was still everything to him; if not, then she was less than nothing. Presently he was seated at the table between her and a middle-aged lady whom he did not observe. He could not speak to Phœbe, if it were she. How could he, for the sake of testing her by her voice, say any common nothing to her, whom he had thought lost in one impossible way, and had found in another? And he had nothing to say to a Miss Doyle.

Sitting under new conditions at the table of a strange house, among strangers, and beside one whom he had till an instant ago believed lost worse than hopelessly, or else one who resembled her more closely than twin sisters in a comedy, it is no wonder that he lost certain belief in the trustworthiness of his very senses in

this dream-like maze. So absorbed was he in the presence of his neighbour that he ate and drank very much like the rest, simply because he had no observation to spare for heeding whether he ate and drank or no, or even whether anything was placed before him. Of the surrounding talk he did not catch a word. His ears were waiting for some word from his neighbour that might be drawn from her by other speech than his own.

"My father has been bringing a terrible accusation against you," at last said the young man of about Phil's own age, or younger, who sat on Miss Doyle's other side. No doubt he had been courteously waiting to give the stranger his chance, and, having thrown his courtesy away, felt called to save the girl herself from being wasted on so dismally stupid a companion. "He says you don't ride."

Phil waited anxiously for the sound of her answer, and—

"No," said she, in so low a tone that it might have been any girl's. Her accent was certainly not more distinctively Phoebe's than her eyes.

"I thought all ladies rode in India before sunrise, or in the middle of the night, or up the hills, or whatever the cool times and places are. I've been turning it over in my mind, I can assure you, most anxiously, and you must ride."

Phil waited in vain this time, for even so much as a no.

"There's only one reason that makes me doubt, or I should say that did make me doubt, whether riding would be altogether good for you, and I'm bound to say it's a selfish one. Can you guess?"

"No."

"I detest perfection. Nobody does like his own likeness, you know, and my father says, that all you want of absolute perfection is to be able to take a bullfinch flying. You can get somebody to help you to a habit, and I'll have out Mab to-morrow. She can't take a bullfinch, but she's warranted not to spill—as steady as one of your own elephants, Miss Doyle. You're just about the weight for Mab, and she's just the pace and style for a beginner. I'll see you through your paces myself."

"Do you hunt?" suddenly asked the elderly lady on Phil's right, turning upon him rather sharply, and preventing him hearing whether Miss Doyle's "Yes" might be more to the purpose than her "No."

"No," said he, in his turn, and rather

like a bear. But there were limits set by certain instincts of his, to even his worst manners. "No, I have never hunted," he said, if still something like a bear, yet more like one who has been tamed and trained. "I am no sportsman, and have no fellow-feeling with those who are."

"Then I would not advise you to speak quite so loud," said she. "Privately, I agree with you. We are not country people, you know. Mr. Urquhart does not hunt, nor do I. He is a very old friend of Sir Charles. Did you know poor Lady Bassett? She was a charming person. She was a very dear friend of mine. You have come for these theatricals, I suppose? I don't act myself, and so of course I'm no judge of such things. Mr. Ralph Bassett is a very good actor, they say; I've never seen him myself, so of course—"

"Don't make me blush, Mrs. Urquhart," said Miss Doyle's talking neighbour, catching at the chance of making the talk in that particular part of the table more general. "I don't know what you said, but I heard my name, so I know it was praise. I'm afraid I shouldn't be able to count on Urquhart himself so well. By Jove! when I think of the number of times I've not been in his chambers, I wonder whether he'd know me if he saw me. The last time I met myself there, I declare—Did you ever feel as if you were somebody else, Miss Doyle?"

"No."

And so the long dinner dragged out for Phil—a mere waste of barren chatter from which he could gather nothing, except that Miss Doyle was either singularly silent by nature or else intentionally dumb. But at last the ladies withdrew, and Phil found himself thrown next to the young man who had done all the talking for three.

"I must introduce myself, Mr. Nelson," said he pleasantly. "I am Sir Charles Bassett's son. I hear you've come down about reclaiming Cautleigh Holms. It's a big idea; I didn't know till you came that my father had carried it so far. I'm glad you've come down now, for my own sake, because I'm at home, and for yours, because we're a rather livelier house than we always are. I suppose you won't want to be up to your waist in the Holms all day long? Do you hunt? I can always give you a mount."

"Thank you," said Phil, with a touch of the pride which working bees fancy, in their conceit, that they have a right to assume towards the butterflies who may

really be their betters, if the whole truth were known ; " but I expect that my work here will leave no time for play."

"I thought," said Ralph, too good-humouredly to be suspected of aiming at an amply deserved repartee, "that all work and no play was the business of the machines, not of the men who make them. No, your doctrine won't hold water ; it's not a bit like Cautleigh Holms. Look at Urquhart, the husband of that lady who sat next you ; he married money, and he's made money, and she half starves him to keep what they've got, and he grinds himself into Scotch snuff to make another bawbee. Which is the wisest, the man who puts off work till it's too late to work, or the man who puts off enjoying till it's too late to enjoy ? It seems to me that the fool's-cap made for one will fit the other just as well."

That was not what Phil's gospel had become, whatever it might have been had he been born heir to Cautleigh, and had found no cause to vow the sacrifice of his soul upon the altar of heartless labour. But here, at least, a chance had been given him that was not to be thrown away. So he forced himself to ask, and thought he put the question as lightly as if it had sincerely meant nothing but natural curiosity :

"Which was Mrs. Urquhart ? The lady on my right or on my left, I mean ?"

"Well, I should rather say decidedly not the lady on your left. That was Miss Doyle."

"Miss Doyle ?"

"Yes, and though she's been staying here some time now, I never found out till to-day that she was so good a talker. Till I sat next her just now, I had always fancied her a trifle slow, and heavy to lift. But I suppose to a girl who has been a close prisoner in India all her life, England must still seem rather strange."

"Miss Doyle—and she has lived in India ? Who is Miss Doyle ?" asked Phil, bewildered more than ever.

"You have been in India, then ?" said Ralph, supposing that the name might easily be familiar to the ears of a presumably travelled engineer. "In that case you very likely know more about the Doyles than I. Old Doyle is in some sort of financial business in Calcutta, I believe, who knew my father before he went out, and has lately come back to England, bringing his daughter with him. They're rich people, I believe."

"And this Miss Doyle has lived in India, you say, always—ever since she was a child ?"

"It isn't usual. But she has—for aught I know she was born there. Anyhow, she must have gone out too young to remember England, for she knows nobody, and has been nowhere except to London and here. But it certainly doesn't look as if India was so bad a nursery as they say. Do you know old Doyle ?"

"No. Is he—Miss Doyle's father—here ?"

"No, he didn't come down. I have a sort of notion that he's a bit of a bear—a sort of heavy comedy father, you know. After the way he used to keep her shut up in India, I was rather surprised at his letting her come down alone. But she's got a maid like an elderly marchioness, who looks quite capable of acting duenna to old Doyle's heavy father. You must excuse my stage slang ; when the frost set in, somebody or other was prompted by some mischievous imp to put us upon getting up a play, and now that the weather has broken, we're too much bit to send the imp packing. Do you act ? I'll make you a present of my part, and welcome, if you do."

"I don't act. Does Miss Doyle ?"

This time Phil's indifference was a piece of affectation too obvious to pass unnoticed by the dullest and most masculine eyes. Ralph was much too good-natured to see the making of a possible butt in the ill-dressed and not too-well-mannered guest who was anything but one of themselves, and seemed unable to help talking about a girl to whom he had been unable to say a word. These things made up all the more reason for being especially civil to so exceptional a stranger.

"No," said he, "Miss Doyle is a girl in a thousand ; she doesn't sing, she doesn't play harp, fiddle, or piano ; she doesn't write, she doesn't read, she doesn't even ride, she doesn't flirt—much—and she's never even seen as many as two plays. I'm glad she doesn't act. It would take off the edge of her superiority to common girls, who all seem crazed to do something badly because professionals do it well. Miss Doyle shall ride, but she sha'n't play. That was our leading lady, opposite you—Lady Mildred Vincent ; she into whose ear the imp whispered. I'm her lover—on the stage. If you stay to the first night and the last, you'll see something, though I say it that shouldn't,

nearly half as good as a rehearsal at the very worst theatre in London. But I see we're going to join the ladies. Will you do the same at once, or will you smoke first? No. Very well then, nor will I. But let me first introduce you to my friend Lawrence. Lawrence, let me introduce you to Mr. Nelson, who has come down, like St. Patrick, to drive the frogs out of Cautleigh Holms. And I say, Lawrence," he said when Phil, after just accepting the introduction, had followed his host from the dining-room, "you've got another duel on your hands. Our young friend Miss Phoebe is coming out in the light of the new Helen. First, you go down before her, at the first flutter of her fan. Then my father becomes her shadow, and only to-day confessed to me, in terms of passionate admiration, that he is not going to make her my stepmother—fortunate girl! And now a stray engineer can't sit by her side without being struck speechless in her presence, and unable to talk about anything else as soon as her light was gone. By Jove! it's the funniest thing going, better than fifty plays."

"And how about yourself? It strikes me that if talking about the fair Phoebe is a symptom, you've been in a baddish way yourself this last half-hour."

"Oh, me? I'm going to cut out the lot of you. I'm going to have out Mab, and teach her to ride. It's odd for a girl who's been brought up in India not to be able to ride."

"Yes, Bassett. Odd's the word. There's something odd altogether about that Indian life of hers. Everybody knew all about Jack Doyle, the archdeacon, but who ever heard of Jack Doyle's daughter? And she's as shy of talking about India as if it were—Whitechapel. I never mention it to her now. You know, though he's your father's acquaintance and all that, the archdeacon had not a good name out there, as I warned you at starting. Yes, old fellow, I've a shrewd sort of a guess that either the fair Phoebe's mother was some low caste native, for all her fair skin—nature plays queerer tricks than that—or else that for some other reason the gorgeous East and Miss Phoebe Doyle didn't agree. I tried to get her to let me tell her fortune by the lines in her hands, so that I might have a look at the roots of her nails. But she was up to me, and turned as close-fisted as—her father. She knows a trick or two, that girl."

"What infernal nonsense. She's as good

as a girl as ever was born. Of course, she doesn't want to talk shop about howdahs, and tiffin, and brandy pawnee. She must be sick of India, considering the way she must have lived there. And as for her nails——"

"Holloa, Bassett, who's victim number four, if you please? Don't do that, my dear boy; don't, whatever you do."

"Don't do what?"

"Don't teach Phoebe Doyle to ride, that's all."

"Don't teach your great-grandmother, Lawrence, and that's all. Will you weed? Then so will I."

Meanwhile Philip Nelson had sought and found an obscure position in the drawing-room, whence he could observe her whom he had been insane enough to mistake for Phoebe, with the help of the knowledge that she was in reality a Miss Doyle from India. There could be no sort of reasonable doubt about that any more. He had been told by the son of his host that she was a Miss Doyle, the daughter of a rich Anglo-Indian, and that, in consequence, his discovery of the supposed daughter of a copying-clerk in the person of a rich baronet's honoured guest had been something more than absurd—as absurd, to say the least of it, as if he had mistaken the man who had handed him his soup for an earl in disguise.

And yet, as she sat there on a sofa near the fire, receiving the conversation of Sir Charles himself, every trick and turn of her face seemed to identify her more and more with Phoebe. It is true he had never seen Phoebe, the real Phoebe, dressed like a fine lady, but his recollection of her face was very far from being dependent on the accident of clothes. Had he been a painter, he could have made her portrait from memory, and it would have been the exact likeness of Miss Doyle. He was not versed enough in romantic precedent to leap to the conclusion that Miss Doyle must have had a twin-sister who had been stolen in infancy; and, even so, a sister lost in London would not have grown up to be the exact counterpart of one brought up in India. Had he been in a court of justice, Urquhart himself could not have confused his oath that this was Phoebe Burden. And yet, beyond question, she was not Phoebe Burden, and was Miss Doyle.

Music, talk, and a remote whist-table were occupying the rest of the party, but

it was all as unheeded by him as the dinner had been. Presently, however, Sir Charles left Miss Doyle's side, and joined the guest who appeared to be so awkwardly alone in a crowd. It was from his father that Ralph had learned his instincts of courtesy.

"You must give me a holiday to-morrow, Mr. Nelson," said his host. "I was not prepared for so early a visit, and I have engagements that can't possibly be postponed. The rule of this house is for everybody to do whatever he likes, and I hope you will follow the rule. Meanwhile—are you anything of a musician? Music seems to be the rule of the hour, and if you can do anything in that line, I can promise you any amount of public sympathy."

"I am no musician," said Phil, making an effort to bring his thoughts together.

"I'm not sure that I'm not unfashionable enough to dislike music," he added, for the sake of saying something, but thinking of a certain serenade.

"Then, Mr. Nelson, you are a hero—not for disliking music, but for daring to say so. I know many a brave man who would sooner go to the stake than own, in these days, that he thinks music a bore, and yet, in their hearts, all but some twenty people in England do; and eleven of those, in their secret souls, wish that it were lawful to like barrel-organs. You and Miss Doyle must have found yourselves kindred spirits. Why, where has she vanished to? I was going to say——"

"Miss Doyle is from India?" asked Phil rather abruptly. Now that the girl was no longer before his eyes, there was no unreasonable doubt to prevent his returning to his question, and adding: "She has such an extraordinary likeness to somebody whom I know—and who she cannot be—that it was at first impossible for me to believe they were not the same."

"Indeed? Perhaps you have been in India, and may have come across my friend Doyle there?" asked Sir Charles, interested in any chance that might give him a scrap of knowledge. "India is a large place, I know, but then the whole world is small."

"No; I have never been in India, nor has the girl I mean."

"Well, likenesses are sometimes startling. Miss Doyle has never been out of India till a few months—ago. And she is an only child, so it can't be a sister whom you have met anywhere. It's certainly odd, though, that there should be anybody

exactly like Miss Doyle. She isn't of a common type, and her eyes are peculiarly her own. If you're not a musician, perhaps you're a whist-player? I see there is an opening for you to cut in."

Sir Charles, having done his duty, let himself drift into another group.

Phil did not join the card-table; he had ample occupation in realising at last that Miss Doyle from India, in spite of the evidence of his eyes themselves, fortified by minute and indelible memory, could not possibly be Phœbe.

His brain must have been so full of the latter as to be deluded. Phœbe was as lost as ever, and he must not expect to find her in such impossible places, with such impossible conditions, as Cautleigh Hall.

He alone knew of Phœbe, but everybody seemed to know everything about Miss Doyle. Either he had been, or the whole world was, insane; and it is not quite so impossible to decide such a dilemma against oneself as most people suppose.

IN THE PHRASE OF QUEEN ANNE.

WHEN Queen Anne was living there was an immensity going on besides the building of brick houses with small-paned windows; besides the piecing together of rarely-coloured woods for attenuated chairs and tables; besides the production of delicate bric-à-brac in tortoiseshell and ivory, the production of little oval looking-glasses, with bevelled, or "Vauxhall" edges, hung in bewitching and beaded ebony frames. Look at the poor queen herself. She was, as many as seventeen times, a mother. She was seventeen times radiant with hope that a little Stuart—properly subdued and straightened by its descent from Denmark—would be born to her, to fill her days with gladness, and settle the debated question of succession to the pleasure and the peace of all. She was seventeen times flung to the earth with mother's agony, as she stood by baby death-beds, seeing the life-smile die out from baby-lips, and breaking her heart as she closed pretty baby-eyes. Poor royal mourner! Such grief as hers is grief that, happily, is the grief of very few. Such incessantly-recurring bitterness is bitterness that might well have laid her in the grave, before ever gold and jewels were wrought into a crown for her, and the Proclamation was issued that she had become a queen.

It is remembered that one of these many children—and only one—grew to have governesses and tutors, and writing-lessons, and grammar-lessons, and masters in English, and Danish, and Latin, and Greek, and—what is especially to the present purpose—French? The little fellow was William, Duke of Gloucester, christened after his uncle of Orange, the king; his life only advanced so much out of babyhood that it reached to boyhood, for he died of malignant fever when he was eleven years old. It was not thought he was doomed to die; it was supposed he would live to be king of England; and one especial matter with the whole nation was that he should be guarded from Popery jealously. Above all was it essential that no tutor should approach him who could be suspected of being a Papist; and this was lucky for M. Abel Boyer, a capable Frenchman over here, with philological and scholarly attainments, anxiously looking for fit employment. He was an emigré, driven from France by the Grand Monarque's just-issued Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Rushing from Castres to Geneva, from Geneva to Germany, from Germany to London, he was one who could tell of the persecutions the Catholics had inflicted, of the martyrdoms, the pains and penalties the reformed religionists had endured; and his life thus proving him to be a Protestant in his heart as well as in his observances, he was decided to be a proper tutor for the little English prince, and the boy's French studies were confided to his care. He must write an instruction book at once, to be level with such an important post, he concluded; thus arming himself with weapons of his own composition; and he did, calling the work the *Rudiments of the French Tongue*, "calculated for the meanest capacities," meaning thereby, in all harmlessness, learners as untried and as unacquainted with the French as he found his youthful and royal pupil to be. Soon after, encouraged by the queen, "that great patroness of arts and sciences," as he gratefully and in proper prefatorial manner calls her, he compiled his excellent French and English Dictionary, a well-filled quarto which stood its ground for a century; that, for philological reasons, was "touched with a trembling hand," even when an editor of the twenty-third edition of it had to submit it to some overhauling. M. Boyer compiled, too, his *Methodical French Grammar*, in which there is a set

of familiar phrases, written for the "instruction of persons of quality" exclusively.

Schoolboys—royal, or only "of quality"—are, naturally, persons not forgotten by M. Boyer in his *Familiar Phrases*. He represents a quarrel among one set of them; and they cry, "Do not jog me," "You are a sluggard," "You deserve to be whipped," "Go out of my place," "Why do you thrust me so?" "I will complain to the master." When the master is really complained to, it is thus: "Sir, he will not let me alone," "He snatched away my book," "He laughs at me," "He spit on my cloaths," "He pulled me by the hair," "He lolled out his tongue at me," "He kicks me," "He gave me a box on the ear," "He scratched my face with his nails." "Are you out of your wits?" says the master gravely; and then the boys cry: "Why did you tell the master of me? I will pommel you." The order comes: "Take up this boy and beat him soundly," and the victim is admonished to "be better for the future."

A governess—as an appropriate follower after this leader—has to go to her pupil, a young gentlewoman, to bid her rise in the morning. "Wash your hands, mouth, and face," are the governess's limited, but still familiar, phrases; "lace yourself." "I do nothing but cough and spit," observes the young gentlewoman. "Dance a minuet," the governess says. "What do you mutter there?" "Play on the spinnet and harpsichord." "What will you have for your afternoon?" "Do not lick your fingers." "Do not put your fingers into your mouth."

The pupil, out of her governess's hands and become a grown-up lady, had a waiting-woman to rouse her from her sleep, and this was done, according to M. Boyer, at half-past ten. All in familiar phrases, her under-garments were warmed before she put them on; she asked for her dimity under-petticoat and her hoop, her black velvet petticoat and her yellow manteau. These were followed by her tippet, gloves, muff, fan, and mask; she ordered the waiting-woman to lace her tight, to give her the patch-box and the puff to powder her hair; she enquired if the milliner had brought home the stomacher of ribbons bespoken yesterday; she was afraid, after all, her head was dressed awry.

A person of quality—of the sterner sex—in his dressing-room, gives as many suggestive and familiar phrases again. "Boy," he cries, "light a candle," "Make a fire,"

"Bid the maid bring me a clean shirt," "Reach me my breeches," "Comb my perriwig," "Put some essence to it," "Sweeten my handkerchief," "Plait my neckcloth," "Did you buy me a cravat-string?" "Give me my new suit of clothes, because it is the Queen's birthday," "I will go open-breasted," "Give me my sword," "Where is my sword-knot?" A plain cravat he will wear, he says; steenkirks are no longer in fashion; and then he asks, "Where is my wash-ball?" and explains, in a familiar frenzy, "That cross wench has brought me no water."

The same subject is continued, nearly, when a familiar phraser is ordering a fresh suit. He will have it black, he decides, for he has a mind to go in mourning with the court. "Make the suit neat and modish," he says; "line the coat and waistcoat with Indian stuff, the breeches with skins, well dressed." For the hat, he likes a Carolina hat, he says, with a gold galoon hat-band and a diamond buckle. When the suit comes home, he has a suspicion that it is too long, that the breeches are very narrow, the rolls not big enough, the sleeves too wide, the stockings not a match for the cloth. But it is the fashion, he is told. "The suit is very beauish; it becomes him mighty well; he is very fine."

Stirrup-stockings, also shoe-buckles, jack-boots, are in the list of "Cloaths and things carried about one," given familiarly by M. Boyer. So are cover-sluts, or shams—fausses-manches is the French equivalent—jumps, commodes, pinners, engageants, a sham for the neck, point-lace, a fob, snuff-boxes, night-rails, tippetts, furbelows, towers, bobs (earrings), paint, bridles, top-knots, patins, distaffs, reels, spinning-wheels, and spindles.

A familiar phraser who has invited another familiar phraser to breakfast (both being persons of quality, it is to be borne in mind), furnishes the onlooker of to-day with further captivating scenes. The host declares bread and butter, water-gruel, and milk-porridge to be children's meat, and orders something else. When this is brought, it proves to be sausages, over which orange is to be squeezed, petty-pattees, fried eggs, bacon, and wine; whilst the meal called beaver, or the afternoon-ing, gets mention, and so does a kissing-crust, a manchet, a bisket, link, pap, canary, sack, perry, and mead. M. Boyer, wishing subsequently to make these familiar phrasers enjoy "diversions," they play tennis—with a racket, not with

battledores (no doubt a subtle difference); they give a bricol;* they call out to the marker to mark the chase; they put a ball into a hazard; they take a bisk.† Turning to the "diversion" of bowls, one phraser hits the jack, and lays he hits his adversary once in three throws. Then the other refuses to go a-fowling; he has a cast of hawks for all manner of game; he does not love nine-pins; if he plays, it is out of complaisance, and he lays he tips all the pins. His complaisance is not worth much, for it is declared that he does not stand fair, he is called a wrangler, he is told he makes a wrangling about nothing. Sulkily and ill-temperedly, he will not jump, he says, because it is not good to jump presently after dinner; if he leaps, his usuallest leaping is with his feet close together. Yielding a little, he says he is not above a hop with one leg, but he will not swim, for the reason that though he learns to swim with bulrushes, he had like yesterday to have been drowned; he is scarce come to himself yet, and he does not love to dabble.

M. Boyer, sending his phrasers, after this, out for a walk, makes them eat filberds and apricocks, makes them buy cherries at twopence a pound, get mighty tired, and beg one another to go a little softlier. One of them, travelling, determines to go along the great road, for there he need fear no highwaymen; he carries pistols; he takes the stirrup-cup; he arrives at his journey's end bruized all over. When he goes to bed at an inn, he tells his man to take his breeches and lay them under his pillow; he is asked if he fears spirits, for he is evidently trembling, to which he says, "No, only his bed is so cold." The familiar phraser's destination being France, he has to wait on the shore till the wind serves for him to get across to Calais; he has to consult the captain of the packet-boat (who tells braggingly he has the large number of ten or twelve passengers secured already); he has to carry victuals for his own consumption (packet-boating not including stewards then, and a well-spread cabin table); he has to obtain the captain's promise that he will send for him to his inn, it may be to-night, it may be to-morrow, that he will send for him, at any rate, when it is the right time.

* A rebound of a ball, says quaint Nathaniel Bailey, after a side-stroke at tennis play. Bailey's spelling being bricole and bricoil both.

† Odds, says Bailey, at the play at tennis; a stroke allowed to the weaker player. Spelt also bisque.

"Sir, will you be pleased to do me a favour?" M. Boyer puts down on one of his pages for his pupil's rudimentary mastering. "I would have you go along with me to hire a lodging," is the favour sought for; and "I will wait upon you wherever you please," is the familiar reply to it. Arrived in St. James's Street (quite consistently, the quarter where persons of quality, even under Queen Anne, would be sure to go), the friends knock at a door with a bill on it, which, as they remark, shows there are two rooms to let; only, instead of being admitted at once, they have to go through a kind of ceremony like sentry and pass-word. "Who is there?" they are asked; one of them answers, "A friend," and this gives every satisfaction. The mistress of the house having appeared, she is told, "I want a dining-room and a bed-chamber for myself, with a garret for my man, furnished." The good woman leaves the phrasers for a moment to get the keys of the apartments on the first storey; the gentlemen, at her bidding, give themselves the trouble to follow her upstairs, and they all step in. There is a very good bed, as may be observed; there are all things necessary in a furnished room, such as a table, a hanging-shelf, a looking-glass, stands, chairs, easy-chairs, fine hangings; and the intended lodger puts the crucial question, "How much do you ask for it a week?" It is too familiar, and the St. James's Street lodging-lady draws herself up in dignity, crying, "I never let my lodgings but by the month or quarter; I never had less than four guineas a month for these two rooms. Consider that this is the finest part of the town. Consider that it is within a step of the Court." It is true, and the gentleman does consider. Being, quite commercially, very illogical and inconsistent, however, he says, "To show you I do not love haggling, I will give you three guineas; in one word," is his next haggles, when this has been refused, "in one word, as well as in a thousand, if you will, we will divide the difference." The landlady observes, "I am loth to turn you away, I shall lose by you," but in the end she undertakes boarding for twelve shillings a week, she will furnish chamber and board together for fifteen pounds a quarter; and as M. Boyer himself lived so near to Court, and to his little royal scholar, as Chandos Street, quite close at hand, his testimony as to price may have fair acceptance.

Another matter on which the French

philologist and lexicographer was well-informed was the theatre. He translated Racine's *Iphigénie*, calling it *The Victim*; he translated it into such acceptable English (there must be no forgetfulness of the era in which it was accepted), it was performed at Drury Lane with excellent success; and when one set of the familiar phrases is headed *The Play*, there is good satisfaction in being one of the company. "Shall we go and see the new play?" is a gentleman's invitation; "the day is an important day. It is the time called the poet's day." "It is the third time of playing Mr. Congreve's *Mourning Bride*.* The play was acted the first and second time with universal applause. "Mr. Congreve has gained by it the reputation of a great tragic poet. The pit and galleries are sure to be crowded. The boxes will be as full of ladies as they can hold." "We must have a coach so as to be in good time," says the host, when the guest tells him he will go with all his heart; they take the coach, they are driven away, they alight at the theatre-door. Shall they go into a box? Shall they go into the pit? is debated then. The guest deciding for the pit, if he may have his choice, and being asked, argumentatively and monosyllabically, *Why?* "Because," is his reply, "we may pass away the time in talking with the masks before the curtain is drawn up," and the argument is at an end. We are in the pit. There are the masks; take notice of the symphony. It is played by a hautboy and trumpet, among harpsichords and violins. Enjoy the prospect we have of those fine ladies who grace the boxes. It is to be expected that M. Boyer has much to say of these fine ladies. He was young (about thirty at this time, when his star was luckiest); he was clever; he was successful; he had the patronage of queen, of prince, of duke, and many "quality;" women would be sure to smile upon him; and the smallest return in his power to give was—praise. So the ladies join the beauties and charms of the body to the richness of their attire and the brightness of their jewels. That particular one sitting in the king's box is to be observed pre-eminently, she is as handsome as an angel, she is a perfect beauty, she has a great deal of wit, a fine easy shape, the finest complexion in the world, teeth as white as snow; wherever she casts her eyes they are

* In the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The year was 1697.

the centre of the amorous ogles of all the beaux. It is interesting to M. Boyer—i.e., to the gentleman of M. Boyer—for he has the honour of knowing this abridgment of all perfections, as he styles her; but his guest, who has no Mistress Masham, it may be presumed, to pay court to by this new kind of epistle dedicatory, becomes quite rude and snappish. "The curtain is drawing, let us hear," he cries; then, "The curtain is let down, let us return home." It comes with much the same effect as the extinguishing of the lamps, the threading of dingy passages, the thrust out into the dark chill road.

But there is a gentleman in these familiar phrases who obtains as much eulogy as this desirable lady. "I will make you acquainted with an Englishman," says one friend to another, "who has a happy memory, who has been a great traveller, who has seen all the courts of Europe, who has been two years at Paris, six months at Madrid, a year and a half in Italy, a year in Germany, and who speaks so well French, Italian, Spanish, and German, that he speaks Italian as the Italians themselves, that among the French they believe him to be a Frenchman, they take him for a Spaniard among the Spaniards, and he passes, or goes, for a German among the Germans." The listener is impressed, as he is intended to be. You draw his picture to so much advantage, he declares that you make him have a mind to know him. Where does he live? Covering a column or two in brief sentences, it is stated the gentleman lives in Suffolk Street. He does not keep house, he lodges at Mr. Such-a-one's, at the sign of —. He is twenty-five years old, he is a bachelor, with a sister, pitted with the small-pox, married to the Earl of —, on a portion of fifteen thousand pounds; he is of fine proper size, he is of shape easy and free, he has a fine presence and a noble gait, he goes always very neat, he is very genteel, he dances neatly, he fences, he rides the great horse very well, he plays on the lute, the flute, and the guitar, he is very sprightly in conversation, civil, courteous, and complaisant to everybody. He is, very likely, a great deal more, but that the listener, who has said, "I will see this paragon to-morrow morning," turns the whole thing aside suddenly by crying, "At your leisure, when it is convenient for you, when you can spare time," and by barking out, "Farewell, sir, I am your servant, I wish you a good-night."

"Sir, I want a wig," is a phrase that arrests the eye, as M. Boyer's slender columns are run down; "I want it the colour of my eyebrows. It is to be long; it is to be made of live hair." The perruquier's replies share the interest equally. "Shall it be a full-bottom wig?" he asks; "a campaign wig? a Spanish wig? or a bob?" "The foretop of this one," says the customer, "is a little too low, the hindlock of this other is a little too long; it is too dear, also; it is four pounds sterling, and will it not be enough to give three pounds ten?" The perruquier declares that this smaller sum would not be enough; not if the purchaser were his own brother; for the wig's hair is a round hair; it is as strong as horse-hair; it combs out easily; it has a buckle at the bottom; it becomes the gentleman, too, if he will but see himself in the glass. So the gentleman says: "I give the four pounds. Here are four guineas, hand me the change. Thank you; here is my old wig; it is to be mended; it is to have drops put to it and a twist; it is no matter that twisted wigs are out of fashion; my wig is only a campaign wig; I only use it when I ride on horseback;" for "campaign" meant the country, when M. Boyer set down his familiar phrases; and when a gentleman had been some hours in the saddle, in Queen Anne's time, his wig and all his clothes showed the journey had been done, and hence it was such a mark of hurry and disrespect to appear in company "travel-stained."

"Will you truck your watch for my sword?" cannot easily be passed by. It is such a surprise to find persons of quality not altogether indisposed to the curious negotiation; to see, "You must give me six crowns to boot, then;" "You must promise me that the handle of your sword is right silver and the hilt gilt copper;" to see, further, that this kind of truck is not the kind of truck that will do, for that the first gentleman answers: "I will only truck even hand, if I truck at all;" to get for rejoinder: "Ah, you tell me fine stories; look for bubbles elsewhere, I am not so easily bubbled as you think." But what takes place by a sick-bed, when a physician stands there, is familiar phrasing more unfamiliar, perhaps, than any specimens that have yet been drawn from their obscurity, and shall be the last that shall get any citing. "Your pulse is very quick," pronounces the M.D.; "you must be let blood, you must have a vein opened; bid somebody

give me ink and paper; there is my prescription, send it to the apothecary. You must keep a-bed," he goes on; "you must take new-laid eggs and chicken-broth; you must send for a nurse; you must let somebody go for a surgeon; you must give the surgeon your right arm; he must take a good lancet, make a great orifice, put on the fillet and bolster, make a good ligature, and not bind your arm too hard." "Where is your blood?" is his demand, butcherously, on the next day, when all the forerunning is supposed to be done and over. The patient gives faint answer. It is in three porringers upon the window. No comfort comes to the poor wretch when the porringers are brought close up, and are peered into. "You want to be let blood again," he is told; "your blood is very hot and corrupted." He shivers with despair. "Oh, sir," he wails, "you little know how ill I am. I am almost spent, I pine away, I have one foot already in the grave. I decay very sensibly, I grow weaker every day, I am consumptive, my disease is past recovery, my disease is too inveterate, I must die!" The effect of which is to make the physician break into familiar "chaff." "Cheer up," he cries; "be not cast down for so small a matter; you make your disease worse than it is; believe me, it will be nothing; I dare promise that you will recover; your fever is gone; you may drink some small beer with a toast; you may take wine, either white or red; in two or three days you may go abroad." It is quite a fascinating picture.

M. Abel Boyer, it shall be set down in conclusion, died at Chelsea, in 1729. He was so proficient in the English language that he managed a newspaper called *The Post-Boy* for many years; he published a monthly work on the Political State of Great Britain; he wrote the *Annals of Queen Anne*, in eleven volumes; he wrote the *History of William the Third*—curiously, the French Biographical Dictionaries record that he wrote the *Life of William the Conqueror*, whether out of raillery of the English family exiled at St. Germain's, or out of sheer mistake, cannot be said; he wrote *Memoirs of Sir William Temple*, all in English, and several French educational works, not forgetting his quarto dictionary. That he had caught the English literary manner of the day—omitting the essayists, who are of all days—and had caught it excellently, is certain.

He dedicated his *Anne's Annals*, year by year, to somebody, dedicating the first volume to the Duke of Ormond. "To do this," he wrote, "to any other but your Grace would certainly be a kind of Moral Sacrilege, and a Fault Unpardonable in a Just and Impartial Historian. The Chief Merit of this History lies in the Paramount and shining Figure your Grace makes in it. If any Ill step was made, it was only because your Grace's advice was not followed; if any Irregularities were committed, it was through Disobedience to your strict Commands;" in which there is not a form of expression other than might have fallen from any of the eighteenth-century adulatory pens that were English, bred and born. Also, he is able to distinguish so critically between English modes of speech and French modes; he even defends Sir William Temple's writings from the objections made against them, that "he affects the use of French words, as well as some Turns of Expression peculiar to that language." Sir William, he says, only used, perhaps, "sufficient, for self-conceit; and sufficiency, for self-conceit; rapport for relation; to respire, for to breathe; to arrive, for to happen; untreatable, for untractable; proned, for cry'd up; to roll upon, for to turn upon; banded, for combin'd." "Bating a few such expressions," is M. Boyer's verdict, "Sir William Temple deserves to be rank'd among the first Refiners and Great Masters of the English Tongue." And certainly when all this is considered, and when M. Boyer himself is laid aside, it must be allowed that his mastery of Queen Anne English, familiar phrases and all, was very remarkable.

LAD'S LOVE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

No fairer scene could be shown to appreciative eyes, this hot summer day, than that presented by a red-roofed many-gabled house standing well back from the river; to whose banks runs a long old-fashioned garden full of all old-fashioned flowers—marigolds, and London pride, and dainty sweetbriar with its pale miniature roses, a garden wherein bees find delicious pasturage, and where, just now, big burly moths are beginning to whirl about among the geraniums, which, with the lobelias and delicate yellow roses and their homelier neighbours, look like fine ladies among a gathering of country folk.

Near the water's edge grow great alder-trees, with gnarled stems, and here and there a branch dropping low, seemed to touch the ripples of the river as it flowed, for very love of their bright beauty. The old house itself watched the river and the flowers through deep mullioned windows, framed in sweet tangles of jasmine, clematis, and ivy; and about one of its gables a Banksia rose had spread a net woven of green leaves, and starred with golden buttons.

Let us enter the room which looks out upon the garden and the river, and whose curtains are drawn fully aside to let in the welcome coolness that evening is bringing to refresh a world which has panted through this real hot summer day in the month of July.

It is low-roofed, or would seem so now to our more modern ideas, and would be square but for certain charming recesses branching out in unexpected places, one of which is large enough to have a tall narrow window all to itself, a couple of chairs with spindle legs, and some carved oak shelves rich in bits of rare old china.

The window that stands open is so wide it seems almost to fill the entire end of the room, and all round it runs a window-seat luxuriously cushioned. It just now looks like a frame made of tendrils and blossom-laden branches, and framing daintily a river-landscape in exquisite olive-green and grey, where the shimmer of gently stirring water is seen as it steals through rustling flags, and bathes the feet of a meadow-sweet or two, whose sunny plumes mingle with the green of the sedges and the russet of the bullrushes.

How fair the world looks thus sleeping in the welcome eventide! The red sail of a tiny pleasure-boat passing across the disc of the picture seems the sail of a fairy barge, for the after-glow of a gorgeous sunset catches it and turns it to gold. There are two people in this room, whence such fair sights are seen. A man and a woman.

The woman, seated in the angle of the low wide window-seat, holds a square of muslin, fine as a spider's web, in her hand; an open basket full of tiny bobbins stands beside her, and on the dainty canvas is a spray of wheat-ears and poppies, embroidered all in white.

The little bobbins are of sandal-wood, and their faint pungent perfume mingles with the scent of the flowers that twine about the window.

She has all her tools at hand, but the

square of muslin as often rests upon her lap as not, while with dreamy eyes she watches the framed picture of the river, or turns with quiet steadfast gaze to her companion.

This woman was not young; that her female friends and acquaintances felt small difficulty in deciding. How old, seemed a question involving much uncertainty of opinion.

At all events, hitherto, time had but given new depth and earnestness of expression to the beauty of her face, new grace to the lines of her pliant form, as the finger of early autumn lends to the Virginian creeper delicious tints, and tender shades of crimson and gold.

Still, some people said, in a sort of confidential way, that Millicent Warner was "getting on," whatever that might mean, and—when the speakers were of the gentler sex—said it with cunning inflections of voice which sought to claim the pity of the listener for the progress in question.

But in the eyes of her old uncle, Sir Geoffrey Warner, "Milly" was still a child. As an orphan she had been left early to his care; and that care had been such as to merit full well her devotion through the years of maidenhood and womanhood; a devotion that had grown to him as the very air he breathed, and as the atmosphere in which he lived and moved and had his being.

They were very happy, those two, in the many-gabled, red-roofed house down by the river, for each understood the other, each mind was cultured and companionable, and each year's routine was varied by long autumn wanderings in foreign lands.

In Milly's life, years back now, there had been once a dream—a happy blissful dream while it lasted, and after the dream had come the waking. In the first impulsive freshness of her girlhood she had loved, trusted, believed—and found love and trust, and credence things given but to the semblance of what she had rested her hopes upon ungrudgingly. She had suffered, yet been brave in her suffering, and so the shadow passed from the fair surface of her life as the shadow of a storm-cloud from a summer sea.

Yet the suffering left its mark, in quickened possibilities of sympathy for others, in added tenderness to every sorrowful creature who came across her path. Hers was one of those clear-cut, high featured faces that even in extreme old age will retain a certain beauty; the eyes

dark grey, black lashed ; the hair black as a raven's wing, with a crimple ruffling it here and there ; the nose slightly aquiline, with sensitive, almost transparent nostrils ; the mouth a little sad, but most ineffably sweet at times, also at times a little stern ; the chin firm and finely moulded.

Such was Millicent Warner to look at. To listen to she was delightful, so sympathetic was every inflection of her soft low voice ; but she was a woman who was often silent, and often spoke by look or smile as much to the purpose as another by many words.

"My dear, she's thirty-five if she's a day," said the wife of the village rector, lost to this person, then to that.

And maybe the lady was as near right as ill-nature was likely to be, adding a year or two, to make up for the many who were ready to rate Miss Warner at several years less than her actual age.

That she was over thirty may be allowed. You seldom see such perfect repose and grace of manner as Sir Geoffrey Warner's niece possessed in any woman under it. That the touch of light on the edge of those pretty ripples in her hair meant the glisten of a silver thread or two might also be taken as proven.

That she was an influence, pure and true, in the lives of those with whom she came in contact, might also be taken for granted.

No one could look into her eyes and doubt that fact.

"It makes me very glad and happy to hear all these things."

She looked across at her companion as she spoke, a sweet content shining in her eyes.

"I knew it would," he answered blithely. "All the way here I was thinking what welcome news I carried."

This was the way with Millicent Warner. No one ever doubted her truth and reality. If she showed a person that she liked them, that person knew that her liking was a thing to be relied upon—solid ground on which their feet might rest securely—not the shaky bog-land of passing caprice or affected sympathy.

And she was very glad to hear the news just told to her by Ruthven Dyott, for it concerned his own welfare, and what can well be dearer to any of us than the welfare of the friend we love ?

He deserved to have friends, too—this young fellow with the clear-cut face and

dark candid eyes. He was none of the drones of earth, but one who scorned no honest drudgery that might lead to name and fame. Indeed, he belonged to a profession in which no man who scorns real hard drudgery can hope to get on, for Ruthven Dyott was a civil engineer.

Already he seemed marked out for a successful career, for, though hardly three-and-twenty years had passed over his head, his name was associated with a clever discovery in electrical engineering, and among his earthly possessions he reckoned letters-patent for this discovery.

So much for the moil and toil of life, as Ruthven Dyott had met and wrestled with it. As for all life's poetry, that had consisted in the friendship borne to him by Millicent Warner.

For the last year or so his week's work was brightened, any disappointment that met him in those six days of toil and thought was softened, by the reflection that on the seventh he could, if he chose, make his way to the red-roofed, many-gabled house down by the river, enter the pretty room that looked into the garden full of sweet old-fashioned flowers, and there meet a gentle kindly greeting—the clasp of a cordial hand, the light of welcome in a woman's soft grave eyes.

Not only so, but he could talk of his plans, his work, his hopes, his fears, to a listener whose sympathy was so assured a thing that he almost ceased to be grateful for it. Later on, Millicent would sing or play—songs that old Sir Geoffrey knew by heart, and to whose melody he loved to let the hand on his armchair rise and fall—compositions by those old masters of music whose gentle sprightliness is pervaded by a haunting under-current of pathos.

Truly these Sunday evenings at the Hermitage were pleasant things to look forward to in the midst of the hurry, and bustle, and smoke of London town, and week by week, and month by month, they grew dearer and sweeter—sweeter than Ruthven could say, dearer to his boyish heart than he himself knew.

Millicent Warner had grown to be the music of his life, and it was grand and holy music too—music which lifted his bright young nature into a clearer, purer atmosphere than that of mere earth ; music that kept his life clean and his hands honest, and fed the lamp of ambition in his soul as oil feeds the flame that burns before a shrine.

And now, on this glowing summer's day,

Ruthven had come out from the busy hive of the town to this peaceful country home, with a heart full of pride and joy, and yet with an aching pain deep down in it, for he had only told Millicent Warner the half of his news yet.

He had said that the government of a far-off land was willing to utilise his discovery. What he had not said was that the terms upon which they would agree to do so were that the inventor should accept office under them, and superintend the working of his own scheme.

He was conscious, indeed, of a strange reluctance to communicate this last piece of intelligence just yet.

He was a bit of a mental epicure, and wanted to enjoy the full flavour of this sweet woman's pride in his success without alloy.

It had seemed a terrible thing to him all along—the idea of a parting between himself and Millicent Warner. He had said to himself that the loss of her would make him feel the same sense of a sudden empty silence, as had more than once come over him when her cunning fingers dropped from the ivory keys, and the melody they had been weaving in an exquisite web of sound, ceased. It had seemed to him like this, thinking of it.

Now, watching her by the soft shimmering light, listening to the tones of her soft low voice—a voice that was capable of conveying an intensity of gladness, though never raised into outward show of passion, to Ruthven Dyott the thought of this possible severance from all part or lot in her life brought with it an overpowering sense of pain—a shuddering foreboding of lonely days, and months, and years to come.

When they had talked over the good fortune that had befallen him, when they had, as it were, set it in their midst and looked at it from every possible point of view, it suddenly struck Miss Warner, that for a man who had had "greatness thrust upon him" by the hand of fate, her companion was somewhat distraught, not to say moody.

"You are not half as glad as I thought you would be, not half as glad as you ought to be!" she said, shaking her head, chiding, yet smiling too.

"Glad!" he echoed, passing his hand across his eyes, as if the sunshine from the burning world without had suddenly streamed in and dazzled him. "How can I be glad, Millicent, of what must take me away from you?"

"Take you away!" she said, and then stopped.

She did not choose to question him. She was conscious of a certain slight irritation of mind. He had been keeping something back. It was strange; it was not like Ruthven Dyott; at all events, not like him in his dealings with her.

"Yes," he said, rising from his seat, and taking his stand close by her side, "take me away from you. How, then, can I be glad?"

"Do they want you to go out there and set the thing going? and, if they do, are you likely to forget the friends you leave behind, or do you fancy we shall forget you, that you put on such a tragic air, Ruthven?"

"It is not a case of going away, it is a case of staying away."

If he had not been standing somewhat behind her, she might have noticed how pale he grew, as he uttered the last two words—words that meant so much. As it was, she only noted a thrill of pain in his voice. She bent closely over an ear of barley to which her needle was adding delicate finishing touches.

"They want you then to settle down there—to take the management of the affair entirely into your own hands?"

"Yes."

The ear of barley was now daintily completed, fringed with a feathery beard; she looked at it with complacency, her head a little on one side in the prettiest pose imaginable.

"I think the idea an excellent one," she said, speaking slowly, and as if full of intent thought; "most excellent in every way."

"Even to leaving you?"

"There is always some little drawback to everything, isn't there?" she answered lightly.

"Do you call it a little drawback to lose all that is sweetest in life, to lack all that has grown most dear?" he said passionately, his young face pale and wistful, his dark eyes full of pain.

She turned slowly round in her chair, and looked up at him.

"Ruthven," she said, "have you been devoting yourself of late to the reading of romances, you foolish boy?"

"No," he answered, and she felt the trembling of the hand that rested on the back of her chair. "I have been living one."

There was a moment's silence, and Millicent once more bent over her work.

That her eyes saw what they rested on may be doubted; that they were dim and misty, as though she had stood in the glare of the sun where no shadow was, is more likely.

This headstrong boy seemed determined to rush upon his own destruction. She had striven to curb the impulse of passion that was drifting him into dangerous waters; but her will felt feeble, her hand nerveless—what should she do?

How blind she had been, how besottedly foolish not to have foreseen towards what bitter end things were hurrying!

She had given all her sympathy, all her friendship, to Ruthven Dyott, since that day in a spring that seemed a life-time away, that day when every bough on every tree was bright with thick-set blossoms—white or red—when the air was sweet with the faint perfume of the lilac flowers, and Millicent Warner, wandering homewards by the river, met her uncle and a stranger, a slight, dark-eyed boy, with a smile as bright as the spring sunshine, and a manner at once candid and gentle.

Sir Geoffrey introduced this companion of his to his niece as the son of an old friend, come to London to work hard at an arduous profession; he spoke of him and to him as one who was henceforth to be looked upon as an intimate friend, to be welcomed warmly whenever business would allow of an expedition up river, and, more especially, to be looked for on a Sunday, "to get a breath or two of fresh air to help you through a week of smoke, my lad," he said, when that night Ruthven Dyott took his leave.

It seemed a long, long while ago, all this, and now, the end was drawing nigh.

How often had these two, the woman who had given her friendship and her high ennobling influence so ungrudgingly, and the man whose life had been brightened and sustained by the calm steady radiance of her sympathy, listened to the rustling of the water as it whispered in and out among the sedges, to the robin singing sadly on the big thorn tree by the window, to the clear piping of the yellow-billed blackbird riotously jubilant over the coming of spring! And now they would listen to these sounds never again together.

What is so sweet to any man as to garner up in the sanctuary of his innermost heart, in the midst of the hurry and bustle of life in a busy city, the thought of a shadowy room, perfumed with flowers, and made sacred by the presence of a true,

pure woman, a friend who cannot fail him, a room where, enter when he may, a kindly greeting waits him, a kindly hand meets and clasps his?

All these things had Ruthven Dyott found at the red house by the river.

What wonder that his heart was heavy within him as he said:

"This means not only going away, but staying away."

Realising all that Millicent Warner had been in his life hitherto, he felt the very thought of life without her to be unbearable. And yet there was something in her quiet self-contained manner, in her matter-of-fact comments upon the views of his prospects, that galled him inexpressibly, and made him bite back the hot passionate words that rose to his boyish lips.

"She is gentle, and true, and kind," he thought to himself bitterly, "but she is cold, passionless, more statue than woman after all."

But after one long look at the sweet face bending over the embroidery, his heart got the better of his brain; wise reflection, calm resolution fled, and with all a lover's imperiousness he had taken her work from her hands, imprisoned those soft white hands in his, and was lifting to hers a troubled wistful face, dark eyes full of pleading, lips that trembled like a girl's.

Truly no lack of words was his.

All the story of what the past had been, of what the future might be—in his opinion—was poured forth with love-given eloquence. Kisses fell thick upon the hands he held so closely.

And Millicent listened in unbroken calmness for a while, then to his passionate protest of, "I love you, and I cannot live without you, Millicent—Millicent," she made answer, "At all events you think so, Ruthven, and at your age it comes to the same thing."

The words were gently spoken, softened too by the touch of her hand upon his thick dark locks, but they pierced like darts.

He sprang to his feet, and found he had to strangle something very like a sob before he could speak again.

She gave him no time to recover his eloquence.

"See," she said, "you have upset my bobbin basket, careless boy."

At that moment the door of the room slowly opened, and in came Sir Geoffrey, happily unconscious of having a bandana

handkerchief across his shoulders, and the bow of his black satin tie under his left ear. The old gentleman had been having a doze in the library chair, and these disorders were the results.

"Why, Ruthven, my boy," he said with the most cordial of welcomes shining out of his eyeglasses, "who expected to see you here?"

Then, without waiting for a reply, those same glasses glanced from one to the other of the two people whose tête-à-tête he had interrupted.

"Eh day, eh day! have you two been quarrelling?"

"Ruthven has upset my bobbin-basket," said Milly, rising and wheeling a low chair round to the window for her uncle.

So there was nothing for it but for Ruthven to go down on his knees and hunt those refractory sandal-wood bobbins into the various corners and recesses into which they had seen fit to roll; and it is to be feared he inwardly anathematised the whole tribe, basket and all, during the process. When the last straggler was captured, and Milly declared their number complete, Ruthven's two items of news—the accepted patent, and the offered appointment—were duly imparted to Sir Geoffrey, who made merry, and mentally killed a whole herd of fatted calves over his young friend's good fortune.

Later on they all strolled down to the river, for Ruthven's road lay that way, and he might as well go by the garden and through the field-path as not.

How lovely, how calm, how still it was! Scarcely a sound broke the quiet save the cricket singing in the grass, and the low measured splash of oars, somewhere far up the river. Silence seemed to suit the time and the hour better than words, and Ruthven's eyes, darkly sad, full of repressed longing, of bitter regret, ever sought those of the woman by his side.

Sought, yet seldom met, for Milly seemed absorbed by the beauty of the scene around them.

Idly plucking this leaf or that, at last Ruthven culled a tiny spray of green which gave out a faint and pungent scent, as he ruffled it in his hand.

"What do you call this?" he said. "It is a very old-fashioned plant I am sure, for it recalls to my mind going to afternoon service with my nurse when I was so small that I had to be hoisted on to the seat of our family pew, and was always on the point of slipping off again. My nurse carried a

clean handkerchief, folded and laid upon her prayer-book, and in its folds one or two sprays of this sweet-smelling green thing, whatever it may be."

"You're right, boy," said Sir Geoffrey, "it is an old-fashioned kind of plant, and country folk call it 'Lad's Love.'"

Ruthven, with one quick flashing glance at Milly, the while a hot flush rose to his cheeks, dropped the little spray of blue-green leaves as if it had suddenly grown red-hot.

"Lad's Love," he thought bitterly, walking in silence by her side. "Yes, that is what she deems the love I offer her. She takes me for a mere boy who does not know his own mind, whose vanity is flattered by a clever woman's notice."

But Milly did not let him go without a word. Just at the last, when Sir Geoffrey had said good-night and turned homewards, she lingered.

"Do not think me ungrateful, Ruthven," she said, "for all you have told me to-night. You would wrong me cruelly if you did. I will write to you and tell you all I could not say before. Be sure that I can never forget—no woman can forget—a man who has once loved her."

For a moment he thought a strange stir and quiver passed across her face; but when he looked again it was gone, and Milly, calm as any St. Cecilia listening to the strains of her own evoking and looking heavenward the while, stood before him with a smile upon her lips and grave sweet eyes meeting his unflinchingly.

Then she left him. And he, standing there bare-headed in the shadowy light, watched her go, noting the grace of her gait and the sweeping flow of her gown.

All at once she turned, and waved her hand a moment in adieu. Then the turn of the path hid her from his sight.

"She is gentle, pure, and true; the most womanly woman I have ever known," pondered Ruthven as he went on his way; "but she is cold and passionless. She does not know, perhaps has never known, what love is."

Meanwhile, Milly too went on her way.

Half-way up the garden she stooped an instant to raise something from the ground, thrust it into her bosom, and went into the house, where for the rest of the evening she read aloud to old Sir Geoffrey or chatted to him of such things as he loved best to hear.

Just as the moon was rising and spanning the river with a pathway of silver

beams, Millicent Warner retired to her chamber, locked the door behind her, and found herself face to face with her own heart.

Oh, poor little drooping spray of greenery! If tears and kisses could have given you back your freshness, then had you never faded!

When the first faint grey touches of morning woke the river from its sleep beneath the kisses of the moon that shone no more, the woman who was "cold and passionless," who "did not know what love was," still sat by the open window.

She seemed to have grown old in a night. Her face looked grey in the grey light; there were dark shadows beneath her eyes, sad lines about her mouth.

As Jacob wrestled with the angel, so had Milly wrestled with that hot rebellious heart of hers, that now, crushed and bleeding, seemed to her dim eyes to take the semblance of a vanquished foe.

She had won a hard-fought victory. She would stretch forth her hand to reap no harvest of sweet content, no dear and passionate delight, whose aftermath should be to herself bitterness and self-reproach; and to Ruthven Dyott—

Ah, she dared not think of that! This was no sorrow to be dwelt upon, but one in which the only hope of strength lay in avoidance.

Wan, worn, pallid, Millicent was nevertheless a victor.

Yet the birds beneath her window, piping sweet greeting to the new day, seemed singing the coronach of a life's buried joy.

CHURCH-GOING ANIMALS.

SAYS Adam, the coppersmith, in Lodge and Green's Looking Glass for London and England (1594), to one boasting that he was a gentleman: "A gentleman! good sir; I remember you well, and all your progenitors. Your father bore office in our town. An honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squire's livings on him; the one on working days, and then he kept the town stage; and on holidays they made him the sexton's man, for he whipped the dogs out of the church. Methinks I see the gentleman still; a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard rat's colour, half black, half white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose autem

glorificans, so set with rubies, that after his death it should have been nailed up in Coppersmith's Hall for a monument."

As a rule, no doubt, the duty of expelling canine intruders from the precincts of the church devolved upon the sexton himself.

The portrait of old Robert Scarlett, of Peterborough Cathedral, who plied his spade for Katharine of Aragon and Mary of Scotland, and buried the "towne's householders in his life's space, twice over," portrays that sturdy veteran carrying a formidable whip, the terror of more than one generation of unruly urchins and sacrilegious curs; and when John Marshall was chosen sexton of St. Mary's, Reading, in 1571, he undertook to see the church seats swept, the mats beaten, the windows cleaned, the dogs driven out, and all things done necessary to the good and cleanly keeping of the church, and the quiet of divine service, for the sum of thirteen-and-fourpence, paid annually. At St. Paul's the dogwhippership seems to have been distinct from the sextonship, and to have been a sinecure for five out of the seven days a week, since Pierce Pennilesse entertains the holder of the office, when making his unsavoury visitation every Saturday, to look after the scurvy peddling poets, who plucked men by the sleeve, at every third step in Paul's Churchyard.

That such a functionary was required we have proof in Culmer's story of Canterbury Cathedral. He gleefully relates that one Sunday in 1644, a canon, "in the very act of his low congying towards the altar, was re-saluted by a huge mastiff dog," who leaped upon him again and again, and pawed him in his ducking, saluting, posturing progress to the altar, till he was fain to cry aloud: "Take away the dog! take away the dog."

The emoluments of the "dog-wiper," as he is written down in some parochial records, were not great. Fivepence was all Henry Collinges of Cheddar, Somersetshire, got for his trouble in 1612. Forty years later William Richards, of Great Staughton, Hunts, was paid one shilling for performing the like office from Michaelmas to Christmas, and he was a fortunate man, seeing a shilling a year sufficed his fellows in other places. In 1736, George Grimshaw received thirteen shillings per annum, and a new coat every other year, for his trouble in waking sleepers in Prestwick Church, whipping out dogs, keeping the children quiet, and the pulpit and

church walks clean. He would not have cared to have been paid entirely in kind like Thomas Thornton, to whom the parishioners of Shrewsbury, Maryland, gave a hundred pounds of tobacco on condition that he whipped the cattle out of the churchyard, and the dogs out of the church, every Sunday from the first of May to the Easter Monday following.

Were the dognopers, to use the Yorkshire name for them, impartial in their ministrations, or did they confine their attentions to masterless animals coming to church of their own accord? It is hardly likely that the Hall-dog pew in Northorpe Church, set apart for the use of the canine residents at Northorpe Hall, was the only one in the land; and if dog-whippers did their duty without fear or favour, the author of *A Choice Drop of Seraphic Lore* would have had no occasion to give minors this admonition: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and carefully attend the worship of God; but bring no dogs with you to church; those Christians surely do not consider where they are going when they bring dogs with them to the assembly of divine worship, disturbing the congregation with their noise and clamour. Be thou careful, I say, of this scandalous thing, which all ought to be advised against as indecent." Decent or indecent as the practice might be, dog-owners persisted in taking their pets to church with them. "We may often see," complains the connoisseur, "a footman following his lady to church with a large common-prayer-book under one arm, and a snarling cur under the other. I have known a grave divine forced to stop short in the middle of a prayer, while the whole congregation has been raised from their knees to attend to the howls of a non-conforming pug."

Two hundred years have gone by since Richard Dovey, of Farmcote, Shropshire, charged certain cottages with the payment of eight shillings a year to some poor man of Claverley parish, who would awaken drowsy members of the congregation and turn out dogs from the church, and the bequest is still, or was fifteen years ago, applied to that purpose. The tenants of the Dogwhippers' Marsh, at Chislet, in Kent, still pay, we believe, ten shillings to that functionary, and, for all we know to the contrary, Mr. Jonathan Poekard, who, in 1856, succeeded Mr. Charles Reynolds as dog-whipper at Exeter Cathedral, yet enjoys his sinecure appointment. Baslow,

in Derbyshire, may no longer employ a "fellow that whips the dogs," but it preserves its old dog-whip, a formidable instrument, having a thong some three feet long attached to a short ash-stick, banded with twisted leather; while in Clynog-Fawr Church may be seen a yet more curious implement in the shape of a long pair of "lazy-tongs," with sharp spikes at the ends, once used to drag obstinate dogs out by the nose.

One of Milton's biographers, asserting the non-existence of dissent in Scotland in the poet's time, says: "Not a man, not a woman, not a child, not a dog, not a rabbit in all Scotland, but belonged to the kirk, or had to pretend to that relationship." Certain it is that if not formally admitted to kirk membership, Scottish dogs have ever enjoyed privileges not accorded to their southern cousins. An angler asking a shepherd if a building within sight was a kirk, and remarking that if so it was a very small one, was answered, "No sae sma', there's aboon thirty collies there ilka Sabbath." This recognition of canine rights of fellowship has its inconveniences. An Edinburgh minister, officiating at a country kirk, could not understand the congregation keeping their seats when he rose to pronounce the benediction. He waited, but no one stirred. Then, seeing his embarrassment, and guessing its cause, the old clerk bawled out: "Say awa', sir, say awa'; it's joost to cheat the dowgs!" Experience had shown that the dogs took the rising of the people as the signal for departure, and acting upon that idea, disturbed the solemnity of the occasion. They had, therefore, to be checkmated by the people keeping their seats until the blessing had been given. Only the other day a Wesleyan minister, much scandalised at the appearance of a dog at a watch-night service in Perth, observed that the house of God was not for dogs to worship in, and insisted upon the animal being turned out; finding no response to the appeal, he was fain to leave the pulpit and do his own behest. Dr. Guthrie would have sympathised with the dog-alectors. His companion, Bob, lying at the head of the pulpit-stairs on Sundays, occupied a place nearly as conspicuous as his master's. The doctor may have been the minister, and Bob the minister's dog, of whom the following story went the rounds. The first time the Queen went to Crathie Church, a fine dog followed the clergyman up the pulpit-steps, to remain reclining against the door whilst

his master preached. In consequence of the remonstrance of the minister in attendance at Balmoral, next Sunday the parson came to church unaccompanied. Dining at Balmoral a day or two afterwards, he was surprised by his royal hostess demanding the reason of the dog's absence from church. He explained that he had been told the dog's presence annoyed Her Majesty. "Not at all," said the Queen. "Pray let him come as usual; I wish everybody behaved as well at church as your noble dog."

Such an encomium could not have been bestowed upon the Newfoundland belonging to the pastor of a village in Ohio. Stepping into the church in the middle of a prayer-meeting, he made straight for his master, then on his knees, and leaped upon his back. The good man jumped up, took the offender by the neck, led him to the door and carefully closed it upon him, and then returning to his place, resumed his devotions, as though nothing had occurred to disturb his own equanimity or the gravity of his flock. An Episcopalian clergyman in Connecticut was not so easily rid of a similar intruder, but in his case the animal was nobody's dog, and, therefore, not amenable to discipline. As he was reading the Lesson for the Day, the minister espied a saucy-looking cur frisking along the aisle, evidently bent upon mischief. Presently he seized a hat outside one of the pews, and shook it with a will, thereby rousing the owner to poke him with a cane in the vain hope of inducing him to drop the head-gear he was putting to anything but its proper use. Then the sexton came tiptoeing towards the scene of action, and, finding the position untenable, the dog, executing a strategic movement, took his prize with him into a side aisle. Some of the congregation hurrying to the sexton's aid, a quiet but hot chase ensued; the quarry cleverly dodging his pursuers, reached the door some lengths ahead, and disappeared with what was left of the hat. Peace restored, the minister proceeded with his reading, boldly skipping "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs," out of consideration for his hearers' seriousness.

That dear lover of dogs, Dr. John Brown, tells us that the first dog he ever owned was a tyke his brother rescued from drowning, an extraordinarily ordinary cur, "without one good feature, except his teeth and eyes, and his bark." Toby, however, proved a rough diamond, his powers

of intellect making amends for the defects in his personal appearance. His proprietor's father was a minister, and Toby especially desired to hear him preach, a compliment the minister by no means appreciated, and did his best to thwart the dog's desire, but the latter was the cleverer of the two. "Toby," says his biographer, "was usually nowhere to be seen on my father leaving; he, however, saw him, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side, like a detective; and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company. One Sunday he had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry-door. The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move, and gently open; then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed, but snuffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and not seeing him, put his forelegs on the pulpit, and behold! there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease, when he beheld his friend, the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail, I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet and invisible to all but himself. Had he sent old George, the minister's man, to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth, and astonished George." Mr. Broderip tells of another Toby, a turnspit, who, defying all preventive devices, always made his way to church on Sundays, and ensconced himself in a corner of the reading-desk; until, convinced "he's a good dog that goes to church," the parishioners gave the parson to understand they had no objection to the persistent creature's company, and thenceforth Toby was left to follow his inclination, and attend church as long as he lived. A Toronto citizen owns a dog that encourages no company, and indulges in no pastimes on Sunday, but makes his way to church. Not, strange to say, with the family to which he is attached; they are Presbyterians, while Carlo has embraced Methodism, and has a favourite corner in the gallery of the Methodist church, which he invariably occupies, if he can manage to elude the vigilance of the ushers.

Dogs are not the only animals that have found their way into church. The vicar of Morwenstow, Mr. Baring-Gould assures us, "was usually followed to church by nine or ten cats, which entered the chancel with him, and careered about it during service. Whilst saying prayers Mr. Hawker would pat his cats or scratch them under their chins. Originally ten cats accompanied him to church, but one having caught, killed, and eaten a mouse on a Sunday, was excommunicated, and from this day not allowed within the sanctuary." A pig once put in an appearance at a Methodist prayer-meeting in Mobile, and resisted all the sexton's endeavours to eject him. As the man dashed down one aisle the porker ran up another, the pastor watching the chase with commendable gravity; but when piggy rushed into the pulpit and took his position at his side, it was too much for the minister, and he retired with precipitation, leaving the pig master of the situation. Another worthy man, whose chapel-doors stood wide open one summer Sunday afternoon, suddenly became aware of an unusual noise just below him. Looking over the pulpit he beheld a drover struggling with a sheep, and somewhat unnecessarily asked him what he was doing there. "N-n-nothing," was the reply, "I'm o-o-only s-s-separating the sh-sheep from the g-goats!"

In 1756, a writer complained that in many of the old country parish churches the noise of owls, magpies, and bats made the principal part of the church music. Things are not so bad as that nowadays, but birds will sometimes attend divine service uninvited. One dreary November Sunday, a robin took refuge in the church of Pott-Shrigley, near Macclesfield. It was Sacrament Sunday, and the hungry intruder hopped upon the table, and after a song, would have helped himself to some of the consecrated bread, but for the curate covering it with his surplice. When he had dismissed the congregation, Mr. Sumner repaired to the vestry, cut off a piece from a loaf there, and crumbling it on the chancel floor, left Robin to enjoy the feast. On returning for the afternoon service he found his little visitor quite at his ease, ready to pay for his meal by singing most heartily to the delight and distraction of the school children. At night he was fed again, and when he had eaten his fill, Mr. Sumner let Bob out of the chancel door. "And if ever there was thanksgiving, that tuneful creature poured forth his grateful

acknowledgments in one of the sweetest lays ever sung by bird, from the branches of the lime-trees round the dear old church."

A kindly-hearted miller became on such good terms with his geese that the whole flock would follow him about in his walks. One Sunday they espied him on his way to church, and to his dismay fell in procession behind him. On reaching the church door he tried to make his faithful followers understand that their company was not wanted inside, but failed ignominiously. Finding talking no use, and disinclined to employ more forcible argument, the miller turned round and went home again with his feathered friends. Had his pastor been of Mr. Hawker's way of thinking, perhaps he need not have foregone church, for when a stranger to the Vicar of Morwenstow's peculiarities, asked him why he did not turn a dog away from the altar-steps, the Cornish Churchman exclaimed: "Turn the dog out of the ark! All animals, clean or unclean, should there find a refuge!"

"OPEN SESAME."

CHAPTER IV. MY UNCLE.

THE sound of the knocking at Madame Desmoulins's door struck consternation into those within. Delisle ran to the window. Just below appeared the rigid figure of a gendarme on the watch. Marie opened the door of the bed-chamber and pointed. He hesitated, but Madame Desmoulins, with an imperious gesture, waved him in. Marie locked the door, and put the key in her pocket.

"Ah, monsieur, how you frightened us!" cried Madame Desmoulins, opening, and seeing the tall figure of M. Huron in the doorway.

The quartermaster laughed.

"Pardon me, madame, my little joke—the joke of a gendarme. Still, if your conscience were quite clear—— But hey! why are we not all at the fête? I heard voices, and concluded that you were entertaining your friends, and ventured to offer myself to promise you a good place to see the fireworks. Ah, there is the preliminary rocket. We must make haste."

"I have only my daughter, monsieur, who is taking supper with me."

The gendarme glanced round the room, and took in all the details at a glance—the three plates, the well-polished chicken-bones, the general clearance of the eatables. But all the while he seemed to be

simply listening to Madame Desmoulins with respectful attention.

"I am too tired to go out to-night, monsieur," she continued, "and Marie——"

"Yes, I shall stay and take care of you, mamma," said Marie, who remained at the further end of the room.

"Ah, it is a pity, for they will be very fine, indeed—magnificent."

Inwardly M. Huron was saying to himself:

"All this is not natural. A young girl of seventeen prefers to stay with her mother when there is a fête going on, and fireworks."

Too much credit must not be given to his perspicacity, for at this moment reposed in the breast-pocket of his uniform coat an anonymous letter warning him that Madame Desmoulins would shortly receive a visit from her husband, the escaped Communist. He had made a pretty good guess as to the source of this information, for he knew that Madame Souchet kept her eyes open, and had no great love for Madame Desmoulins or her husband. And, indeed, he had purposely made a somewhat noisy entrance into Madame Desmoulins's house, in order to give any outlived guest an opportunity to hide himself.

He had a soft place in his heart where Madame Desmoulins was concerned, and, again, he was not too sure whether the capture of an escaped Communist would be a grateful act to the administration. He was bound to take some precautions, but, for his own part, he hoped the man would take himself off without more ado.

Whatever might have been Madame Desmoulins's feelings about Huron, she knew well enough that his respect for her was great. He would make no inconvenient search in her rooms, she felt sure, and so far she was right, for, after many apologies for having disturbed her, he took his leave.

Shortly after came another visitor—Charles Lalonde. He, too, hoped to take the ladies to see the fireworks. Uncle Lucien had especially charged him, and as Madame Desmoulins refused, he made his way to Marie, and began to talk to her persuasively.

"Mamma will not go, and I can't go without her," said Marie, shrugging her pretty shoulders.

"But if you said you wished it she would go. Come, Marie, it would be such happiness for me, and I go away to-morrow, and shall not see you for ever so long."

Marie still refused, and Charles, who seemed nervous and dispirited, had to take his leave.

Just as he left, a heavy shower of rain came on, and Marie, going to the window to watch it, saw that a gendarme still remained, as she suspected, to mount guard over the house. The rain would be a crucial test. Would he go away, or stop to be drenched? The man adopted a medium course. He took refuge under the roof of the Pluchôt. There he could still keep a watch upon the house, but anyone passing out quickly would have the start of him by half-a-dozen paces at least.

Meantime Madame Desmoulins had released M. Delisle.

Marie left the window, and told in a whisper that the house was watched. M. Delisle was evidently suspected, and his movements followed. It was very unlucky. He could not stay there, and how could he be got away? If he could leave the house undetected, Madame Desmoulins whispered that he could find shelter for the night in her brother's cottage. Delisle replied that this was just what M. Desmoulins had told him to do. But how to get away? There was only one entrance to the house, and on that evidently a watch had been set.

Then Marie suggested a way out of the difficulty. Her uncle Lucien had left a cloak and hat there not long ago. If M. Delisle would wear them, his sailor's clothes would not be seen, and he might pass muster for Uncle Lucien.

"And especially, mamma," pursued Marie eagerly, "if he were to escort me home—at least, to the post-office."

Madame Desmoulins pondered for a moment. She was really anxious to get rid of her guest, and Marie's plan seemed feasible. As soon as her mother signified assent, Marie ran for the hat and cloak, and helped Delisle to put them on. In spite of the seriousness of the situation she was brimming over with enjoyment.

"You must walk a little stiffly with one leg like this," she cried, imitating her uncle's gait, "and every now and then shake your head and look about—so."

"Those niceties of deportment will be lost in the darkness," said Madame Desmoulins severely. "Hasten, lose no time while the shower lasts."

As they passed out under the same large umbrella, Marie turned to her companion and addressed him as "mon oncle" so naturally that the gendarme did not think

it worth while to move out of his shelter, and the pair gained the quay unmolested.

Marie urged her companion along, almost running by his side with her quick elastic step, delighted with the adventure, but anxious on his account.

The rain had ceased, the moon showed herself every now and then, and lights were flitting about where the fireworks were set out.

"You sha'n't miss the fireworks, petite," said Delisle, giving the little hand that lay on his arm a gentle squeeze. "I may well pose as your uncle, for your father and I have been like brothers."

"But there is the danger," argued Marie.

"Pooh!" said the sailor, "there is the river down there, and up there"—pointing towards the hills—"is the forest; the cocked-hats won't follow me either way."

"And there is the Père Douze," whispered Marie, squeezing his arm in her fright, as they came right upon the père, who had just left the banker's house.

The père rubbed his eyes and looked after them, surprised evidently, and doubtful in his mind as to their identity.

"I have heard of Père Douze," cried Delisle; "the rascal who captured your father—the falcon captured by a mousing hawk. But he is five years older now. Now for the fireworks."

The crowd that had dispersed during the shower to find shelter under the trees or in the cafés now formed rapidly again in the moonlight. But the rain had produced a melancholy effect upon the fireworks. Wheels would not turn, gerbs would not go off. The elaborate piece that should have shown Ceres with her golden sheaves presiding over the welfare of Canville was altogether a failure. One of the sheaves, indeed, was to be made out producing more smoke than fire, but of the name of the town that should have shone in rubies and brilliants, only the three letters "vil" could be made out. And the crowd, pitiless to failure, caught up the word. "Yes, it is exactly that, vile enough," cried some country wag, and with a contemptuous roar of laughter the assembly turned to other things.

The coloured oil lamps had mostly spluttered out, but the moon gave light enough, and the fiddler was there, and the cornet-à-piston; and then dancing began all along the line.

"If one could only have a turn," cried Delisle. "Marie, will you?"

"But no," said Marie ruefully, "I dare not, indeed; we of the bourgeois never dance out here."

"Ah!" cried Delisle, "you are prudish, you people of the north. With us one dances always, and everywhere."

"Oh, monsieur, come along," cried Marie, pulling at his arm. "See what your rashness brings upon us!"

In fact, M. Huron and Charles, who were now talking together, had caught sight of them, and were coming towards them. Marie waved her hand to them, and pushed Delisle before her. Huron looked after them with a puzzled air. The figure was certainly Brunet's or something like his, but the gendarme had just met him in another part of the town.

It was not physically impossible indeed, that Brunet should have darted off to his sister's, and brought away his niece, but it was hardly likely. Still, if, as he suspected, it should be the father thus disguised—well, let him pass.

But next moment Huron saw the Père Douze hurrying eagerly along at an unusual pace for him, and evidently following the couple who had just passed.

Once upon the steps of the post-office Marie breathed freely. She put her hand appealingly on the sailor's arm. "You will not run any more risks, monsieur; you will make your way to Uncle Lucien's? By the back streets, please. Then you go straight along, through the market-place."

"I know my way," cried Delisle; "I have had it all mapped out for me. Do not fear, Marie."

"Adieu, monsieur, shall we ever meet again?" said Marie sadly.

"Surely yes. Am I not to take you to your father?"

"Not me," said Marie mournfully; "the mother will not take me. I am to be married!"

"Ah!" said Delisle, "the father will have something to say to that perhaps. Tell me, Marie—I speak on his behalf—would it hurt you deeply if this were broken off?"

"No, monsieur," said Marie, lifting her eyes shyly to his face, "my heart is not engaged in the matter."

"But the other young man, the youth who came just now—Charles, is it not? Is he equally indifferent to you?"

Marie blushed and looked down, playing with the sleeve of her jacket, and not knowing what to say.

"Ah, I see," rejoined the sailor with a

slightly disconcerted air, "that is another matter. Well, adieu, and sleep well, petite."

Marie watched him till his form was swallowed up in the darkness, and then making her way upstairs threw herself into a fauteuil and gave herself up to a soft delicious reverie. How different from the stolid apathy of the doctor, or, indeed, from the evident self-esteem of the handsome Charles, was the frank vivid manner of this charming sailor, who had seen and done so much and yet had retained the gaiety and abandon of a boy! And the soft caressing way in which he had spoken of her, la petite! Yes, she liked to be called that.

Madame Souchet did not come home for some time after, and then she was in a very sober and preoccupied mood, feeling the touch of something like remorse. The *bonne* was later still; she had been dancing under the trees, and could not tear herself away. She came in at last full of a startling incident that had just occurred. The *gendarmes* it seemed had caught some man, a returned forger, so it was said. There had been a pretty tussle on the quay, but they had him now hard and fast.

Madame Souchet scolded her maid for bringing home such tales, for Marie had turned quite white and faint. The post-mistress helped the girl to bed, and fussed about to get her tisanes and other mixtures. She talked of sending for young Cavalier, the doctor, but Marie begged so earnestly that this should not be done, and seemed to get so much better all at once, that Madame Souchet gave up the idea. But she was very assiduous about Marie, and got up every half-hour to ask her how she felt. This involved a corresponding wakefulness on Marie's part, and gave a lugubrious impression that she was expected to be very ill indeed. Marie was not to speak or move, only to nod her head in answer to questions. But she need not trouble her head about the *bonne's* ridiculous stories. It was natural she should think, Had it been my father! Unhappy, misguided man! But the poor wretch who had been taken that night, if indeed anyone had been taken, which was by no means certain, was nothing to her or her father. Marie had only strength to ask one question:

"What do they do to escaped convicts when they catch them?"

"Send them back loaded with chains,

and take my word for it, they don't get a chance to escape again."

Marie covered her eyes and cried silently and bitterly. She would never, never see him again.

CHAPTER V. THE DEPOSIT.

THANKS to the precise directions he had received, Delisle found Uncle Lucien's cottage without difficulty. It was in the outskirts of the town looking over the river; just two rooms in the middle of a large garden. The garden itself was let off to some market-gardener; rows of cabbages, leeks, and lettuces stretched to the very walls of the cottage.

There was no light to be seen, and after knocking softly once or twice Delisle came to the conclusion that there was nobody within. Indeed, the key was in the lock, and turning it, the door opened, and Delisle found himself in possession of the house.

It was bright moonlight now, the river full and placid, throwing dancing refracted lights on the wall and ceiling of the little room. A clean cold little room with an uninhabited look about it; all the furniture, a few cane chairs and an elaborate clock. But the parquet was bright and polished, showing here and there touches of light from the brilliance outside. The bareness of the room suggested poverty, while the neatness and polish of everything indicated self-respect and a scrupulous regard for appearances. The clock struck nine as he sat there, and he reflected that he might perhaps have some time to wait. Possibly Brunet when he did come might be unpleasantly startled at finding a stranger unceremoniously in possession of his rooms.

As it happened, however, the surprise was the other way. For Delisle, who was wearied with travelling, fell fast asleep in his chair, and was awoken by somebody shaking him roughly by the shoulders.

"Gently, gently," cried Delisle, at once in full possession of all his faculties. "If you are M. Brunet, I have a message for you from your brother-in-law."

Brunet seemed astonished at this, put down the lamp he held, and looked searchingly at the stranger.

"I don't believe you," he said at last. "Desmoulins is dead."

"Perhaps you recognise this handwriting," rejoined Delisle, handing Brunet a letter.

Brunet took the letter, held it close to the light, and read:

"DEAR BROTHER-IN-LAW,—The deposit you hold for me, please hand to my friend, to whom it really belongs, and take his receipt. A. DESMOULINS."

"Why, it is dated only a few days ago!" exclaimed Brunet. "What does this mean?"

"Simply that he and I, and some others, have escaped. He is now in London, where he awaits his wife and daughter. This little sum will establish them in comfort."

Brunet sat down and wiped his forehead, on which the perspiration stood in great beads.

"I don't pretend to rejoice," he said at last. "This M. Desmoulin had not brought happiness and good fortune to our family. But I admit that I hold this money, and as he demands it, I must give it up."

Brunet carefully closed the shutters, went to the door and looked out to satisfy himself no one was lurking about the place. Then taking a chisel from a drawer in his bedchamber he carefully raised a board of the wainscot of the little salon, and after groping for a little while, drew out a canvas bag.

"There is the money, monsieur; nine thousand in gold, and a thousand in five-franc pieces. Count it, monsieur."

"It is unnecessary," said Delisle. "I have only to thank you for the care you have taken."

"Hush!" said Brunet, "the money is there, it is yours. Now learn what it costs me to have to restore it. As I said before, this M. Desmoulin has not brought happiness to our family. But when he came to me a fugitive from Paris, in danger of his life, I could not refuse him hospitality. Well, he entrusted me with this money. He bound me to secrecy. The money must be kept intact, for it was not his to dispose of. But I was only to give it up on an order from him. Well, years have passed, and for a long time we have believed him dead. How could I dispose of this money in the way that he would have judged best?"

"Well, there was *la petite*," suggested Delisle.

"Exactly. That was my thought. And in what way could I benefit Marie more than by finding her a good husband?"

"True," said Delisle, but not with the same conviction as before.

"Well, her aunt, Madame Souchet, had arranged a marriage for her—a marriage from which the girl shrank, but it must go on, because from that side alone could a

dowry be expected. On the other hand there was a young man, to whom she already felt an attachment, of excellent family, rich in prospects, a future notary, a banker, destined to be the chief man of the district."

"And does his name happen to be Charles?" asked Delisle, looking gloomily into vacancy.

"Yes," cried Brunet. "You seem to be well informed. Well, I ventured to pledge my word. Marie could not enter into such a family empty-handed."

"I see," interrupted Delisle, "you have engaged yourself for the dowry; and if you fail?"

"If I fail, M. Charles——"

"Never mind about him. What about *la petite*?"

"I think it would break her heart," said Brunet with emotion.

"Well, we will not break her heart," whispered Delisle huskily. "Come, M. Brunet, you have acted rightly, and there is nothing more to be said. Let her be happy, *la petite*, with her lover. For us men, we must shift for ourselves."

"Oh, monsieur, you have a noble heart!" cried Brunet, holding up his hands to Heaven, while tears rolled down his cheeks. "And for me, what a load you have taken from my breast!"

"Well, we exiles must expect to be forgotten," said Delisle sadly. "It will be hard for him when he finds that neither wife nor daughter will come to him."

"But consider, monsieur," urged Brunet, "the life of an exile, and in gloomy England! Is it one you would wish any you loved should share?"

"Perhaps you are right," cried Delisle, springing to his feet. "But anyhow, my task here is finished. I may make my way back as I came. Ah! but there is one thing—I am without a sou. Please to buy this watch from me for twenty francs?"

"My friend," cried Brunet, "after this noble renunciation, you propose to deal with me on such a footing! Monsieur, my purse is at your service. Unhappily it is not too well filled. Alas! it contains only a bare twenty francs."

"Thanks," cried Delisle. "Then I will be your debtor for thus much. But you will accept this watch as a souvenir of the day?"

"How can I decline it?" cried Brunet. "Monsieur, I shall treasure it as 'a gift from the best——'"

"From the best climber of the day," interposed Delisle, laughing.

Delisle had made up his mind to start at once on foot for the nearest station, where he would catch the night-train for the seaport town.

Brunet insisted upon accompanying him out of the town, and pressed upon him a paletot and a hat. Delisle accepted the offer, but unwillingly.

"With a hat and paletot," urged Brunet, "a man may travel from end to end of France unquestioned. In any other garb he may reckon upon being overhauled continually."

"Happy republic of the paletot!" cried Delisle. "And now, en route."

They passed along the quay, where the fête had not yet danced itself out. An interminable quadrille was still going on. The cornet had almost given out, but threw in a note now and then. The fiddler went on as fast as ever, his elbow wagging and his foot beating time energetically, but hardly a sound escaped from the instrument, all the resin scraped off, or the strings given out. The people danced on; gallant young peasants sang to their partners as they twirled them about, others whistled, and one young workman joined in occasionally with an accordion. Withal, the result was not inharmonious. Indeed, in all this merriment under the moonlit sky, with the rustling of the wind among the leaves, and the soft ripple of the river, there was a pathetic afterthought. It seemed the last gasp of pleasure, of the old hearty unreflecting Gallic pleasure, dying hard, but still dying, with stubborn pagan indifference to things beyond. Haply the dance might have gone on till now, but a rude, shrill, discordant whistle from the steam ferry announced the last chance of passing over for the night. And that put an end to everything, for the musicians lived on the other side of the water.

Delisle and his companion had stood watching the dying embers of the fête, and were moving away, but in an opposite direction to the rest, when a hand was placed upon the shoulder of the former.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said the voice of M. Huron, "but will you object to accompany me to the gendarmerie?"

"And if I object?" cried Delisle with a rapid glance around.

There were two or three more gendarmes close by, and Père Douze was visible in the background.

"In that case, monsieur, I may, perhaps, arrest you."

"Then I had better go with you in a peaceable manner."

A little crowd had gathered about them, but it was only moved by curiosity. If anything its indifference leaned to the side of authority. The gendarmes closed up.

"I answer for the gentleman," cried Brunet in despair. "He is a friend of mine."

"Tut," said Huron in his ear; "you will only compromise him the more."

But Brunet followed the party to the gendarmerie, where the gate was shut in his face, and he was refused admittance. He returned disconsolately to the town, not knowing what to do next. He would ask M. Lalonde to interfere as maire. He was probably in bed, and would be indignant at being disturbed. Well, he might be indignant. As Brunet passed the bank door, he noticed a light shining through the crevices. Somebody was still about in the house at all events. He rang the house bell. Jules the servant appeared yawning dolefully. No, his master was not in bed, unhappily; everybody else was, and he was dead with sleep, but dared not disturb the master. Brunet opened the door and went in. Lalonde was fast asleep in his chair, and moaning loudly. He awoke when his clerk touched him, and looked about vacantly. When he comprehended what was wanted of him he shook his head decidedly. He would not stir out that night for the Marshal himself, and to interfere between the gendarmes and anybody they had trapped—no, thank you. There was nothing more to be done, and Brunet went sadly home to his cottage.

NOW PUBLISHING,
THE
CHRISTMAS NUMBER
OF
ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
Consisting of a Complete Story
BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,
And containing the amount of Three Regular Numbers.
PRICE SIXPENCE.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.